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ACROSS THE HIGHWAYS OF THE WORLD

by

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First Edition 1939

Second Edition 1941

BOMBAY

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INTRODUCTION

Before reciting the actual account of our experiences, permit us to set forth the reasons that prompted us to undertake this hazardous and arduous ten year-tour. Our association extended over ten years. We used to meet at the gymnasium day after day, as we were all actively engaged in sports. Our views on most matters coincided and we were all thoroughly and hopelessly afflicted with wanderlust. The final and decisive factor, however, that prompted us to leave our home and loved ones for the long trek across the face of the earth was our dismay at the misconceptions entertained by strangers of our native land, India—their attitude bordering on contempt and their complete ignorance of facts. Thus arose our keen and fervent desire to paint for the world a true picture of India, a picture that would depict the glorious civilization, culture and architecture of our native land. Countless world travelers, especially many from the United States, were under the impression that they would find snakes and *fakirs* in the streets of Bombay, Calcutta and other great cities. They were dumfounded when they became acquainted with India's culture and modern ways. To erase these false impressions and misconceptions, to bring India into a closer bond with the world and, if possible, to enhance business relations with other powers, we embarked on our long trip, despite the unsettled conditions prevailing throughout the world ; for crises, in our opinion, are but seasonal ; they come and go, leaving their upheaval, their devastation and their blessings in unending circles. The future will tell whether our views are justified.

At the outset, being novices, we had to overcome many obstacles and difficulties which could have been avoided entirely had we been more experienced. But we learned quickly. During our travels, Providence has been kind to us, indeed ; and many have been the occasions when we were saved from a horrible and painful death by a power far greater than ourselves. In Afghanistan, we were marooned in the desert for three successive days and nights without either food or water ; we were snow bound in northern Iran ; suspected as British spies in eastern Turkey ; and during our twenty-one months across Africa, from Cairo to Cape Town, a distance of 12,000 miles, we were fortuitously saved oftener than we can recall.

On the other hand, in Africa, we had the good fortune to save an entire family which was being carried away by a fast flowing drift. On the beach of Durban, South Africa, we rescued a boy who was caught in the huge waves and was being carried into the open sea.

We hold to-day the record of being the first and the only cyclists to traverse Afghanistan, a country that boasts of no roads except camel and donkey tracks, and whose people had never even seen a bicycle.

Riding continuously for two nights and one day, at an altitude of almost 6,000 feet over mountainous roads, in Quetta, we set up a world record of 434 miles in 37 hours without once getting off the saddle.

On our travels we have met kings, presidents, princes, prime ministers and many other notable personages. We are also the proud owners of countless autographs, including those of the King of Afghanistan ; Prime Ministers of Persia and Turkey ; Admiral Horthy, Regent of Hungary ; Ramsay MacDonald, at that time Prime Minister of England ; Monsieur Laval, Premier of France ; President Alcala Zamora of Spain ; President Minger of Switzerland ; President Roosevelt of the United States ; Mr. McKenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada ; and the President of Argentina, Brazil, Panama, Cuba and Mexico.

Among our collection we each treasure several gold medals five silver medals and a shield, presented to us by various well-wishing organizations.

In the following pages, we shall endeavour to give you a short but lucid description of our tour, through the various countries to date, showing geographical locations, climatic conditions, historical data, customs, manners, and food of many nations, in fact a detailed account of our long bicycle tour, which in the past five years and six months has taken us through 37 countries, at an approximate expense of \$10,000.

We sincerely hope that the following pages will make enjoyable reading, as well as be an educational travel reference. Should that be accomplished, we shall feel well repaid for the efforts expended in compiling this volume.

K. J. Kharas
R. D. Ghandhi
R. D. Shroff.

THE START

On April 30, 1933, we set out from India, the land of the pauper and the fabulously rich, the land of mysticism, the land of ancient civilization, the land of countless wonders, the land of glorious architecture, the land called home by more than 350,000,000 peoples, three times the population of the United States. Our starting point was Bombay, a beautiful city, covering 24 square miles and boasting a population of 1,200,000.

Whilst getting ready for our bicycle tour round the world, we naturally tried to foresee a certain number of difficulties and obstacles that we thought we might encounter, and took precautionary measures to overcome them ; but even in our wildest dreams we never conjured up the hardships, privations and almost insurmountable barriers that faced us time after time, while going through virgin countries, through torrents, blizzards and sand storms on fragile mounts, which left us woefully exposed to the raging elements and wholly unprotected against either man or beast. We had not travelled 300 miles before we realized that patience and courage would be our most needed assets.

The first test of both our physical and moral courage was when we reached the edge of the jungle of Asigarh, a dense forest of about 20 miles in length, reserved for the pleasure of Indian Princes and their guests and nobles. No one is allowed to shoot within its confines. A Police Commissioner answering our inquiries, informed us that we would be permitted to cross the jungle, but warned us against making any fires, because in addition to a host of almost every known species of wild animals, the forest was also infested by a robber band, known as the Bhills, who would be only too glad to relieve us of our equipment, and a fire would give away our whereabouts. With this warning still ringing in our ears, we entered the forest early in the morning, in the hope that we would easily cross the twenty miles by early afternoon. But we were just learning our first lesson. This was our maiden attempt at jungle cycling and we might just as well have tried to swim the Hellespont in a coat of mail. The path which was terrible at the start, became so impassable that cycling was utterly out of the question and instead of riding our wheel our wheels rode us. In order to obtain even a faint idea of the

spectacle of three novice travellers carrying their 120 lbs. cycles and equipment on their shoulders, pushing aside endless vines, twigs and mattings, avoiding holes one moment, a glistening snake the next, side stepping rocks and lizards, imagining a myriad flaming eyes watching us, and constantly alert for a flank attack by a concealed robber band, one must indulge in a frightful nightmare !

By nightfall, we had completed not quite 19 miles, but we were so utterly exhausted, that we would not have been able to complete our day's trip had only 500 yards remained. So we dropped our wheels at a small stream and decided to spend the night there, hoping against hope that we would be spared. But it so happened, as we learnt later, that all the rivulets had been dried up on account of the terrific heat of the summer, and the stream at our side was the only remaining water supply in the forest. Already, hundreds of glowing eyes were making their way to our rendezvous. In our despair we decided to build a fire, believing it to be less dangerous to encounter man than beast. But just then a happy thought occurred to us : instead of building a tell-tale fire which would attract the attention of the Bhills, we used our trusty flashlights and thus accomplished a two-fold purpose. By constantly flashing them on and off, we kept the wild beasts at a safe distance and by the same weapon prevented the brigands from seeing our fire. But throughout that frightful night we heard the growl of the leopard, the snapping of branches and a constant distant beating of drums. In this manner, we spent an anxious, restless night, but came through unharmed. In the morning, the last mile seemed much shorter.

How lucky we had really been we didn't find out until we reached the nearest village where a large crowd was gathered, everybody gesticulating wildly and in evident fear. We learned that during the night a leopard had entered the village and carried off a man sleeping outside his hut ; while we three had been spared. Believe us, we sent up a very fervent prayer of thanks.

INDORE AND GWALIOR After we had refreshed ourselves, we continued our journey, reaching first the beautiful cities of Indore and Gwalior where we viewed the rich palaces of the Indian Princes.

At Indore, we saw the beautiful Glass Temple built by Seth Hukomichand, a very rich cotton merchant. It contains a room which is an ingenious piece of inlaid work. Myriads of pieces of glass, of every colour are used in the construction. The floor, walls, ceiling, the huge wall pictures, are all made of glass bits, so ingeniously put together that the finished effect when electrically flooded by 7,000 lamps is a glistening, sparkling piece of architecture. Three large statues of Buddha, in sitting position, occupy the centre of the room. One is made of black marble, one of gold, and the other of silver. A part of this beautiful wall was being torn down by some workmen for no apparent reason, and when we met the owner of this temple later on, we asked him the reason for destroying such a beautiful piece of architecture. He replied, "I am not destroying art, every time my labourers finish the work and have no more to do, I order them to pull down a part of the wall and rebuild it in a different design. In this way I always furnish work for my men and the art is kept up from one generation to another, which otherwise could not survive, as this kind of work is very expensive, and nobody now goes in for it."

Just before reaching Gwalior, we arrived at Sipri and stopped there to see the *Chhatris* (umbrellas) of the ex-Maharajas and ex-Maharanis. The *Chhatri* of the late Maharaja of Gwalior is built in Mogul style, the work resembling greatly that of the Taj Mahal. Within the ex-Maharani's *Chhatri* is the statue of herself, which is daily dressed up three times, at 6 a.m., at 2 p.m. and at 7 p.m. Besides, food is served regularly before her statue and the electric fans and lights are kept on for twenty-four hours daily. In the mornings and evenings, her maids-in-waiting come to sing and dance. This is done by the succeeding Maharaja to keep the memory of the departed ever green.

AGRA AND DELHI Then at our next stop, Agra, we feasted our eyes on an unbelievable snowy beauty and flawless architecture which is unsurpassed on earth. Words are inadequate to describe it. It was erected by Shah Jehan for his favourite queen Mumtaz Mahal in the first half of the 17th century, at a cost of almost \$15,000,000. Sculptured with exquisite design, the pure white marble is generously studded with jewels and jewelled inscriptions of invasions and conquests. When viewing the architectural gem

by the full moon, keeping the moon at your back, walking slowly towards the tomb and gazing steadily at it, you are rewarded by a glitter as of a million stars, created by the jewels encrusted in places so inaccessible that vandals have not succeeded in reaching it. The inner octagonal room, containing the tomb, is illuminated by soft gleams of light that filter through double screens of marble trellis-work.

Leaving the Taj Mahal, we made our way towards Delhi, the capital of India. Here we were able to view the ancient architecture of the Delhi Fort. It is our conviction that modern architects have many lessons to learn from the ancient ones.

Here the traffic on the road is not very heavy and long lines of bullock carts take up almost all the paved surface, leaving us but narrow paths to pass by. Motor traffic is practically negligible and cars come along at long intervals, so that many of the cart drivers climb upon the top of the stack of hay, leaving the animals to find their own way.

We were passing a couple of such bullock carts and we must have come very quietly, unheard by the animals, for as the two of us passed very close to the bullocks, the animals were startled and ran hurriedly into the ditch, turning the cart, so that the tail end hit one of us who was behind and who could not get out of the cart's path in time. The bullocks were so scared that they continued to run down the ditch and as the driver was sleeping there was no one to stop them. The cart was overturned and the driver awoke with a start. Seeing us approach in a threatening mood, the driver began beating the bullocks, nose and face, to show us that it was not his fault but the fault of the animals and that he was punishing them for it. We, however, were so enraged at his attempt to save his own skin, that we slapped the man several times and took his whip away from him. We then cycled away, but had not gone far when one of us struck a nail. While we were mending the puncture, the cart driver overtook us and stopped to enquire what was wrong. As we were feeling thirsty and hungry we asked him if he knew of a nearby place where we could refill our water-bottles and get something to eat. He went to his cart and brought a bundle wrapped in a piece of cloth which had once been white in colour, but which had picked up so much dirt and grease that it had turned bluish-black. Untying it, he picked up two round pieces of unleavened

bread ; sandwiched between them was *chutni*, a preparation of ground chillies and herbs. He also volunteered to fill our water-bottles. When asked what he would eat if we accepted his meal, he informed us that he would share his companion's meal. On hearing this we were sorry that we had treated the fellow harshly, and when he left to continue his journey, we parted the best of friends.

AMRITSAR & KASHMIR Our next stop was Amritsar, where we saw the Golden Temple, at which the Sikhs, one of the greatest warrior races known to the outer world, worship. Amritsar is known for its wealth and for the Golden Temple which enshrines the "Granth," the sacred book of the Sikhs, together with other great treasures. From there, we pedalled on to Kashmir, the Paradise on Earth. While travelling through the beautiful land of Kashmir we beheld many wonderful sights. Its mountain peaks range from 10,000 to 26,000 ft. Legend has it that, when viewed from a mountain peak, the river Jehlum which winds through the renowned valley of Kashmir, suggests the pattern for Kashmir shawls.

Many and very primitive are the ways in which the natives of Kashmir cross from one side to the other of the river Jehlum. Near Garhi, we saw a wire rope bridge. We stopped and left our wheels in charge of the caretaker, and, on paying a small fee, were allowed to cross to the other side. A thick, strong wire rope spanned the river, which was made fast on both sides to the trunks of large trees. One at a time we rode across, on an iron seat attached to the pulley on the wire rope. We were pushed off and the pulley rolled down with great speed at first, but near the centre lost momentum, and the man on the other bank then had to pull the rope which was attached to the seat. The feeling that creeps over you as you speed towards the centre makes you think that the rope is being pulled away to one side, the mountains appear to be moving, and the fast flowing water, 30 or 40 ft. below, makes you giddy and nervous. We clung to the chains, closing our eyes and wishing we had not been so venturesome as to take this stomach upsetting ride. Nothing could have forced us to take the return journey, but there was no other way of getting back to our wheels, so with silent prayers and clenched teeth we took our second ride across. When we came to Garhi,

we saw a sight which made us blush. Bathing on the opposite shore was a crowd of fair, beautiful, and absolutely naked women, who seemed to enjoy their bathing unmindful of the fact that so many people of the opposite sex moved about nearby. But as this sight did not seem unusual to anyone except ourselves, we soon overcame our surprise and continued our journey. Who says there is no nudist colony in India?

Scientists tell us that water at an elevation of 11,000 ft. congeals. Here, however, we saw a lake at a height of 16,000 ft. whose waters do not congeal even in winter. Then, at an altitude of 11,000 ft., we saw a bridge built entirely of snow which does not melt even in summer.

The capital of Kashmir, is Shrinagar, on the banks of the Jhelum. To obtain a good view of this city, tourists and residents alike step into house-boats and row out into the river. These boats actually serve as houses throughout the year and a complaint to the police that someone's house has been stolen is not nearly as bizarre as it would be in any other town where the usual theft would be that of an automobile or a radio.

LAHORE Here, we saw the Shadra, the resting place of the Emperor Jehangir. By a curious freak of architecture a very strange phenomenon can be seen here. Erected over the Mausoleum of the Emperor are four tall towers, one at each corner. Similarly there are also four tall towers on the four sides of the large Jumma Masjid, which is situated about three miles from the Mausoleum. When one of the towers is ascended and the face turned towards the Jumma Masjid, it is observed that there are only three minarets to be seen, because the fourth minaret is hidden behind one of the three towers. In the same way, if one of the towers of the Jumma Masjid is climbed, the same thing happens, namely only three towers of the Mausoleum can be seen. At night, the towers are lighted up, but only three lights can be seen at a time.

MULTAN Leaving the high levels, we descended into the sun-baked plains of Multan. Here the heat often reached the temperature of 130° in the shade, but there was no shade. Because of this terrific heat, we decided to do our cycling in the early part of the day and again late in the evening. On one occasion, however, it so happened

that we were unable to reach our destination in time and it was somewhere around 11 o'clock in the morning, when the air suddenly leaked out of one of our tyres. At first, we thought we merely had a flat, but when the air began to escape also out of the other tyres we began a hurried investigation. Upon removal of the outer tyres, we saw to our amazement that the tubes had melted at the joint due to the great heat. A tough moment for a world traveller to keep a cool head.

While crossing the Sind Desert we often left the service road to cycle on the private road built for the exclusive use of the canal authorities. The building of canals has greatly improved the country. Where a few years ago there were acres and acres of barren land on which grew shrubs and thorny bushes, the land to-day yields four rich crops every year of wheat, barley, cotton and sugar-cane, owing to the irrigation of the land by these canals. The canal officials were very hospitable. Very often it happened that a subordinate clerk invited us to stay at his home ; when his superior came to know about our arrival, he would ask his assistant to relinquish his right as our host and would take us to his home ; when the head official learnt that we were the guests of some one under him, he would come there to fetch us to his home. To save ourselves from this embarrassment we had often to resort to the old billeting system, and thus pleased everybody.

BALUCHISTAN After we traversed the plains of Multan, we eventually reached Baluchistan, a mountainous country inhabited by very strong, hardy tribes. Almost all the men are over 6 ft. tall and weigh in the neighbourhood of 250 lbs. It is said that each of them can easily consume a goat a day.

Before entering this country we had been warned by an officer not to wear khaki uniforms, but though we did not heed his words, during our stay among these tribes we were shown a very gracious hospitality. Once it so happened that we were about to approach a village, and on a distant hill we saw a man sitting on a rock, a rifle in his lap. As we drew nearer to him, suddenly more and more armed men appeared as if from nowhere and before we realized what was happening, we were entirely surrounded. Pointing their rifles directly at us, they began bombarding us with questions in their native tongue, Pastu, but we were unable to answer them

since we did not understand their language. Fortunately one of their number was able to converse in Hindustani, a common language in India ; and after we satisfied him as to our origin, our plans and motives for crossing through their country, the attitude of these warlike giants instantly changed from fierce challenge to a servile, apologetic behaviour. We were accepted as guests and a delicious meal, only too welcome at the time, soon made us forget our apprehensions. After the meal we asked our interpreter the reason for their apparent hostility and he explained that the various tribes were always at war with one another, conducting raids into one another's domain, so that a constant watch was kept against all strangers. The apparent belligerent attitude was in reality merely a necessary guarding of their possessions.

QUETTA After we left these people, we rode to Quetta, a city which only two years later was to be destroyed by an earthquake that cost the lives of 60,000 inhabitants overnight. At this time, however, it was a flourishing centre. It was here that we made our cycling record of 37 hours of continuous cycling at an altitude of 6,000 ft. We made this record against the advice of a physician because of the rarified air which, he warned us, would prove too great a strain on our hearts. We ignored his advice and rode two nights and a day uninterruptedly, covering 435 miles, subsisting on food we carried and on medicines which we had to take at regular intervals to ward off natural colds. After finally dismounting we were again examined by a physician. Our fingers and palms were numbed but apart from that we were reported to be in excellent condition.

After sufficient rest, we continued our trip, this time with the mixed feelings of sadness and hope, for at this point we bade farewell to our beloved India and prepared to cross Afghanistan, the rugged little country that serves as a buffer state between British and Russian Sovereignities. It is entirely devoid of railroads and we had no advance road information. This, together with the knowledge that the Himalayas raise their majestic peaks to a dizzy height of 29,000 ft., was not exactly encouraging. However, we steadfastly pushed our iron steeds through the Khojah Pass and arrived on the border of India and Afghanistan known as Chaman.

AFGHANISTAN

We entered this, the second country of our world tour, by way of the tiny border-town of Kilah Jedid.

As stated before, Afghanistan is very rugged and mountainous, has practically no roads and its climate in parts is extremely variable—scorching heat in the morning and biting cold at night. We were therefore extremely fortunate to meet a man, powerful in the political sphere, kindly and helpful in the extreme, who almost alone made it possible for us to cross this territory which would have been almost forbidden without his splendid assistance. We refer gratefully to our friend and benefactor, Mr. Rustomji Dubash.

KANDHAR Without any further hesitancy we cycled towards Kandhar, which is known as the fruit garden of Afghanistan. Fruit is grown here in such abundance that its waste would be considered shameful in other countries. Not only do the inhabitants eat to their hearts' content, but they also feed fruit to their camels and donkeys by the basket-ful. If a tourist goes to the market to purchase fruits, the traders laugh politely and refer him to their gardens—

“Why don't you pick what you want and eat your fill?” they ask.

Throughout the grape season, almost 200 truck-loads of grapes are shipped daily from Kandhar to Chaman on the border of India, where they can be transferred to trains and despatched to many cities. The reason for these great shipments is the fact that the people of Afghanistan are Mohammedans and their religion strictly prohibits the manufacture of wine.

There are, however, no modern methods of transport and no suitable equipment, so that the staggering annual surplus cannot be converted into cash and is left to rot.

As we left this very fertile and fruitful area, we were completely ignorant of the fact that an eighty mile desert was directly in our path. We knew of a sandy stretch but believed it to be very small and consequently did not take more than our regular supply of food and water. After covering about 20 miles we consumed our last bit of sustenance in the belief that the nearest village was only a few miles ahead. But after

pushing through the blistering heat for yet another 20 miles we could not even catch sight of a village. The first real physical tortures of our trip gripped us with ever-increasing relentlessness. Our lips were so cracked from thirst that we nearly yelled with pain.

As night fell, our suffering increased because the temperature dropped from extreme heat to freezing point. We bundled up as well as we could and huddled closely together, but the suddenness of the change made it almost impossible, for us to become accustomed to it.

Somehow we managed to survive the night and we stumbled on in the hope of reaching a village any minute. Owing to the terrific heat and lack of water, our throats had by now become so parched that we could not speak to each other any longer and our stomachs were crying for food. But we staggered on because we *had* to and by the time night overtook us once again, we had covered another 20 miles or so.

That night we sent up many a silent prayer—we couldn't pray aloud ; and as if in answer to our pitiful pleadings, almost the first sight that greeted us as the sun shone anew was a large patch of fruit that closely resembled water-melons. We greedily pounced upon them and began to quench our maddening thirst with the heaven-sent fruit juice. However, our joy was short-lived. It was only a matter of minutes before we felt a throbbing around the temples, we experienced nausea and our heads spun dizzily. An intense pain seemed to spread over our entire body. We plunged on blindly, hoping to reach aid but our legs would no longer carry us. We pitched crazily into the burning sand and a soothing oblivion temporarily ended our suffering.

When we opened our eyes again, we found ourselves in a very comfortable home, surrounded by many kind people who had been keeping a constant, anxious watch over us. They smiled and were relieved as the colour came back to our cheeks and the film lifted from our eyes. As soon as we could gather our wits we inquired as to the circumstances that gave us another lease of life, and they informed us that a caravan had been so close upon us that they had seen us falling unconscious into the sand. They sped towards us, picked us up and carried us to our present haven. Had it not been for this fortunate coincidence, our bones would to-day be bleaching on the Afghan desert. God was indeed good to us !

GHAZNI Our next destination was Ghazni. Here we created a furore among the soldiers, some running frenziedly for their guns, while others challenged us to stop at once. They seemed to mistake us for spies. We were in reality prisoners and the soldiers stared at us in the darkness, as though expecting us to make either a sudden determined dash for freedom or to execute an impulsive attack. But it wasn't long before the Colonel ordered us to be brought to his tent. He proved to be a clear-headed, amiable old soldier, who was soon convinced that we were in truth only travellers bent on seeing the world, with the aid of our wheels, and thoroughly peaceable, since we carried no arms or ammunition. He ordered tea for us, laid a spread of rice and chicken and gave us a room in the Sarai (inn) in which to spend the night.

While on the subject of food, it may be interesting to our readers to hear an explanation of the Tea Custom in this section.

Once seated, a visitor is handed first of all a cup of tea almost half filled with sugar. After the cup is emptied, a servant removes it, washes it and returns it to the guest, this time filled with tea, but without sugar. In that manner we gulped down cup after cup until our host who noticed our distress, told us that it was a custom to turn the cup upside down as a signal that no more tea was desired. We promptly took the hint and inverted our cups.

Then followed the food course, served on circular trays, almost three feet in diameter. First of all, a servant brought a jar of water, soap, towel and dish to each diner and assisted him in cleaning his hands. This was most welcome, because the dinner, consisting of a huge pile of rice that covered an entire roasted kid and six chickens had, according to custom, to be devoured entirely with the aid of the fingers only. Knives, forks and other cutlery are unknown in these parts. Nor would a clever native permit his hands to touch his lips, the food being deftly deposited into the yawning caverns without the contact of hands with mouth. If we didn't succeed fully, believe us—we tried.

The Orient is well known for hospitality and we found the Afghans very hospitable indeed. During our travels in Afghanistan on bicycles, we never went hungry or remained uninvited to dinner by the Afghans. There are only a few

hotels in Afghanistan. In the small villages, no arrangements have been made for travellers to put up. However, as soon as we arrived in a village, there were plenty of people who were eager to take us to their homes and provide us with accommodation and food. An Afghan thinks it a great honour to entertain his guests, and even the poorest of them is ever ready to kill his last lamb in order to feed his guests. We found it a custom here that if anybody calls at meal-time, he is sure to be invited to sit down to dinner and he must do so, otherwise the host is insulted and takes it for granted that his friendship is not sought. However, if the invitation is accepted and as they say, "If salt is eaten" then as long as you are under his roof, you are safe, even if you greatly offend the host or his family. Often, in order to protect his guest from harm or insult, a brother will kill another brother, or father his own son ; but no sooner has the guest taken leave and is out of the house, then he will bid his guest good-bye saying, "I leave you in the hands of God." The next moment he may be shot down.

A guest is held in great respect, and as long as he continues to eat, the host will also give him company, and will not cease eating although he may have had enough. As the food is served in one big tray out of which all sitting around eat, the host, when he is pleased with his guest, tears a piece of meat from a big piece with his fingers and puts it near the guest to eat.

KABUL At our next stop, Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan, we were welcomed by the Amir of Afghanistan, Nadirshah. His two brothers, one the Prime Minister and the other the Minister of War, also welcomed us regally ; and although this was our first appearance in the presence of Royalty, we felt no embarrassment. Everyone, including the King, tried to make us comfortable and generously extended us their hospitality. The King gave us a Royal Firman, a Parchment, which made us the guests of the whole of Afghanistan. When we left, later on, for the northern part of the country which is devoid of all roads, this letter repeatedly served us as a life-saver.

While on our way to Bamyán, a distance of about 120 miles, we came across a tribe known as the Ozara. A fierce but owner-loyal breed of dogs is the sole protection these

tribesmen have for the safeguarding of their large herds of sheep. Custom has therefore propelled these four-legged watchmen into a unique position in dog-dom. When the family sits down to partake of a meal, they eat in the following order—First, the head of the family, then the dog, then the sons, individually and in rotation, beginning with the eldest and ending with the youngest; then the wife and finally the daughters again in succession, the eldest first. Following the master, the dog then holds the position of honour. Who said a dog's life is tough?

BAMYAN Upon our arrival at Bamyan we were treated to a rare sight. A famous French archaeologist had unearthed two huge statues of Buddha, one about 253 feet in height, the other 175 feet. One can get an idea of their immense size when told that 20 to 25 people can easily be accommodated at one time on each head. A special path had been constructed so that tourists may reach these gigantic statues. When standing at the foot of either statue, it is with misgivings that one gazes up into the distant face. European avants spend much time around these excavations, ever hoping that they may learn something further concerning the Buddhist age. There are many other statues of Buddha in Bamyan, but on account of their dilapidated state they are forbidden to tourists.

In this same section we also saw the mountain called Shere Zoak, where the Great Zoak is said to be held captive. It is written in the great Shahnama that the mighty Persian King Faridoon defeated Zoak, the monster giant, who had usurped the Persian throne. After defeating him, he had him heavily chained to the mountain. It is supposed that on the day of resurrection he will be released from his captivity. To date, this mountain has never been conquered. Whoever has tried to climb it, has never returned.

A little further on is Shere Gulgala on the summit of another mountain, but nothing of interest remains here except several ruins. A fine panoramic view of the whole of Bamyan is the only remaining attraction of this peak, which was formerly a great stronghold of the Zoroastrians.

One day, while riding deeper and deeper into the northern part of Afghanistan, we encountered what we believe to be the finest example of hospitality that can be imagined. It

was almost nightfall and we were very tired and hungry, when we reached a lonely hut and knocked at the door for admittance. A poorly clad, illiterate Afghan answered our knock, and learning of our plight, invited us to enter. It was bitterly cold outside, so he supplied us with sheep-skins, offered us his fire and bade us good night. We did not realize that he was leaving us, for we had hardly stretched ourselves before the fire, when we fell into a deep sleep. Upon awakening the next morning, and peering out of the hut, we saw the poor man lying half dead about 20 feet in front of the hut. He was almost frozen and it took us a long time to revive him through warmth, massage and medicine. When we asked him why he had not slept with us he said, "Are you not my guests"? True to the Afghan custom, he wanted to ensure his guests' comfort to the utter disregard of himself, almost to the point of death.

Before leaving, we tried to make him take a little money at least, for we could see that he was very poor, but he became highly indignant and shouted—"You cannot buy hospitality in Afghanistan!" When we left this man, we simply could not hold back our tears.

MUZAR-I-SHARIF At Muzar-i-Sharif, our next stop, we saw the famous Blue Mosque which contains the clothes of the Prophet Mohamed. There we saw what few other travellers have seen before us or since. On the road to Ankhoi we witnessed the sport called Boshkeshi, or the game of death. This gruesome game is played as follows. From 100 to 200 picked riders on huge fiery, masterly-trained steeds assemble in one corner of a vast plain. At a distance of half-a-mile, a large hole is dug and a slain goat is thrown into the ditch. The object of the game is for some rider to pick up the dead goat and carry it to the starting post, before some one else takes it from him. An added point of interest is the fact that the horses are trained to snatch the goat in their mouths and flip it into the air for their riders to catch. The spectacle is awe-inspiring and fearsome. In a cloud of dust the participants, riding bare-back, are almost catapulted towards the pit, dozens are hurled from their perches and trampled to death. Rider after rider will swing precariously from the mane of his mount and try to clutch the goat. Each horse in the stampeding mass of flesh, tries to sink his teeth into the bait and

toss it aloft. Arms, legs, heads and bodies are hurdled pell-mell in every direction, the shouts, curses and death-cries of the men intermingle with the agonizing whimpering of the lacerated beasts. The very earth seems to shake and shudder and the beholder stands transfixed at the gory scene. Then a fierce cry of victory pierces the air—one man has succeeded in getting a grip on the goat. He embraces it savagely, lets go his reins and tries to dash back to the post, depending solely upon his skill as a horseman. But he has not ridden ten yards before he is attacked by a hundred frothing demons. Powerful fingers dig deeply into the bleeding goat, huge bits of its meat are torn from the body, the howling band scatters and the winner is the tall young giant who returns with the largest portion of the flesh.

And the reward? No, there are no cash awards, no medals, no prizes. Only the great honour that sets the winner into a niche, apart from and above his fellowmen, is the coveted reward these men risk their lives for.

But this was not our only adventure in this land. Only a few days later, it happened that we were dining with the Governor. While eating, a Mullah, a Mahomedan priest, entered. Seeing us bare-headed, he immediately wanted to know from the Governor whether we were Mohammedans or Kaffirs, Unbelievers. The Governor tactfully replied, "They are travellers." After the meal, the Governor excused himself for a few moments and instantly upon his departure, the fanatical priest again wanted to know whether we were Mohammedans or not. We replied prudently that we were of the same race and religion as his great fore-fathers. This made him furious, he whipped out his revolver and was on the point of levelling it at us when we flung ourselves at him in unison, snatched the revolver from him and hurled him into the corner. During this performance the Governor re-entered and looked at us in bewilderment, while the priest lay howling in the corner. We gave the revolver to our host and explained to him what had taken place. Thereupon he led us into an adjoining room and apologized for the action of a demented priest. Then returning to the "battle-field," he respectfully asked the priest to leave, for such is the power of an Afghan Mohammedan priest, that he can even attack guests of the Governor in the latter's home and still escape any form of prosecution.

HERAT From here our way led westward to Herat, where we obtained a fine insight into the Afghan fur trade. On this border of Afghanistan and Russia is the land of the Turkomans, who own large herds of sheep. These people are good shepherds and do very little cultivating. They also do not stay in one place but are always on the move, going to places where the fodder is good. In summer they climb great heights in the Hindukush mountain ranges, taking with them all their belongings and driving their sheep before them. With the winter they return to the plains and build temporary cane huts. All along the road-side between Murgab and Herat, they have built their huts and in each village there are from fifteen to twenty such huts. By disposition they are not so dignified and quiet as the rest of the Afghans being much more easily excited to laughter and mirth. The women folk too, do not observe the veil system so strictly and are extremely fair and good looking. They have large numbers of children who are very mischievous. These folks had never seen a bicycle before in their lives so whenever they saw us they would rush from their homes and surround us.

If the village lay a little far from the road, then they would climb a nearby hill to watch us, while those who could lay their hands on horses, would come galloping towards us. The old men would invoke the blessings of Allah, while pretty girls would forget to pull aside their veils and give us an opportunity to admire their beauty. A yell of joy would escape from their throats and repeated would be their requests to us to mount our cycles and go fast. As we rode away from them, we would be chased by their big watch dogs, whose growls were like those of a tiger. These beasts who resemble and act more like wolves than dogs, would follow us for long distances and had to be shaken off by kicks when they came too near or else we had to get down and stone them. Often our field-boots saved our legs from their fangs.

Some of these shepherds, known as Maldars, are rich; their riches are not counted in money or property, but in the number of sheep they own. A shepherd possessing a thousand sheep can increase his number by five hundred or more, by new births. As soon as the young ones are born, the ewes are separated and allowed to live, while the males are killed and their skins removed. Only a few of the rams are allowed to live for reproduction purposes. The skins of the young ones

are called kara-kolis and fetch a very high price. In order to get the best skin, however, the skin must be taken off from an unborn lamb. Then it is found that the hair from the skin never comes off nor does it ever lose its colour. The method employed in obtaining it is very cruel and crude. A watch is kept on the mother ewe and when she is about to give birth she is made to stand up, while the shepherd comes running towards her and gives her a terrific kick in the stomach. The poor ewe gives birth to a dead lamb and herself dies from the shock. This practice is not usually followed, for although the shepherd gets a better kind of fur skin, he loses the ewe and cannot increase the number of his sheep. From the shepherds these skins are bought generally by the Russian Jews, who move about from one Turkoman village to another, giving to the shepherds in return, grain, other food stuffs and cloth, instead of money, for things are still done in the old barter way in Afghanistan. These petty merchants, then take the skins to the big bazaars in Herat, where they are disposed of to other Jewish firms which export them to the European countries, specially to Russia or Germany, where they are properly tanned and sold in the Koln stores in Germany.

By this time we were nearing the border. We passed many ruins of the ancient Persian dynasties and entered Persia at Mehshed, Khorashan.

IRAN

It was now the middle of winter, and when it is winter in Iran the snow-fall is so heavy that drifts overnight from 30 to 40 feet in depth are regular occurrences. The cold was so severe that all three of us suffered chilblains on hands and feet. Our fingers got swollen until they cracked, and each morning, as we tried to bend them and make them flexible enough for work, the pain was so excruciating that we could not hold back our tears.

But we had to push on in order to put as much of the crossing of this country behind us as possible, before the really severe winter set in and blockaded us completely for the remainder of the season. So we dragged ourselves along through Feroz-Kuh at an altitude of about 14,000 feet through the severest cold spell we had encountered thus far, and after

days of terrific suffering we finally reached Tehran, the capital of Iran. We were persuaded to remain here for a while because of the unprecedented snow-falls that completely blocked all roads and made any sort of travel impossible. The natives' "little while" was necessarily extended into three long months, during which time we were very effectively snow-bound.

Fortunately, we were among friends and were looked upon by all the Persians as prodigal sons who, after many centuries, had returned to their original home. We are Parsees, (so called in India from our former home in the Persian Province of Fars). We number about 60,000 in Bombay, the greater portion of a total of only about 100,000 in all. The Parsees are highly honoured and respected followers of the ancient Iranian prophet, Zoroaster. In the 7th century their ancestors fled from Persia to India to avoid persecution by the Mohammedan conquerors. They worship AHURA MAZDA whose symbols are the sun and fire. Most of the schools, colleges, universities, hospitals, maternity homes and all charitable institutes are built by Parsees for public use, and the Parsees are the only group in India which claims a literacy percentage of 95.5.

It was late in April before we packed our belongings and started once again after a long cold siege. Most of the snow had melted and the roads were in large measure open again to regular traffic. But we still passed through many sections where great snow drifts were piled up for miles at a time. Perhaps the closest escape from death we can recall occurred while we were trying to cross a rather steep mountain in order to reach a village in time for our late meal. It was early in the evening and we had enquired as to the distance to our desired goal. Now, in Persia, a person will never tell you a distance in miles, but will tell you that it will take you so many hours to walk, basing his answer on an average rate of 4 miles an hour. To our question the answer had been that it would require about 4 hours. According to Persian reckoning, the distance would therefore approximate 16 miles. We then decided that if it would take a man 4 hours to walk this distance, we on our wheels should be able to cover the stretch in about an hour and a half. If we were ever misdirected, this was the instance.

Against the advice of our informant we set out at about 5 o'clock in the evening, expecting to reach our destination

before nightfall. The day had been very sunny and as we progressed up the mountainside we realized that the heat had melted much of the remaining snow and we were forced to walk, through mud and slush almost up to our knees. As we went on, conditions became worse and we were practically bogged down. The weight of a packed wheel became too heavy for one man and finally we hit upon the following scheme. All three of us would lift one bicycle, carry it about 25 yards and return for the other two in the same manner. In this fashion we advanced at the rate of about half-a-mile an hour and our legs became so numb, it was almost impossible to pull them out of the muck, even without the added weight of our wheels. The sun sank, it became pitch dark and then the snow began to fall.

As mentioned once before, when it snows in Iran, it SNOWS. In less time than it takes to write this, a white blanket had completely covered all traces of our road, it seemed as though a white sheet had been draped over the entire earth—and we were lost. Suddenly the idea struck us that if we lighted our electric torches and by the aid of their strong beams followed the telephone poles which ran almost parallel to the road, we could possibly continue our efforts. But mother nature thwarted that attempt, for a heavy mist that settled over the mountain made it impossible for the beams to penetrate and we were on the verge of giving up in despair when a sudden flash of lightning, which for an instant illuminated the entire world about us, revealed in that single, heaven-sent flash, a perpendicular crag almost directly in front of us. The hope for shelter gave us the strength needed to reach this huge rock. But imagine our surprise and delight when we noticed a door leading right into the side of the rock.

A cell room had been blasted into the rock, by we knew not whom, and the door was closed and locked. We knocked, but there was no response. At first we did not wish to break in. We were in a foreign land and did not wish to come into conflict with the authorities, but necessity knows no law. Combining our strength we forced the lock and broke in. Now we realized that the hut had been especially built for road repair crews : tools and even a bucket of coal were still standing about the floor. We immediately built a fire and huddled so closely around it that we were

almost scorched. Before dropping off to sleep, we decided to get up as early as possible in order to be on our way before the owner returned, but we never dreamed of the surprise that was in store for us. With a prayer of thanks on our lips we fell into a deep slumber of complete exhaustion.

Upon awakening, refreshed and strengthened, our first desire was to set the hut in order again and to resume our trip before the owner of our lodging house appeared, but as we tried the door, it would not budge. At first we thought that the owner might have returned, had noticed us and locked us in to guard us until the authorities were called. After the lapse of half-an-hour, however, we decided to break out as we had broken in and to face the consequences. So we chopped down the door and to our utter amazement and dismay, found ourselves interred by a solid wall of snow.

Fortunately, we had all the necessary tools on hand so we set to work in earnest. It was hard work and as the hours dragged on it became so discouraging and alarming that we feared that our last hour had come. But we continued desperately and at last, after almost seven hours of continuous labour, light began to filter through and soon we emerged from our little tunnel into the glorious daylight.

Now we saw that the snow had drifted high above our little shelter and had completely covered it, depositing such terrific weight upon it that it would have been crushed like a match-box had it been built of either wood or brick. The only thing that had saved us was the fact that it had been hewn into a solid rock.

So for the second time in 24 hours God had spared our lives, and happy at our narrow escape we proceeded joyfully on our way to the village. Here we were plied with hundreds of questions by the astonished people who could not understand how any human being could have lived through that horrible night. So we explained to them how we had been trapped and how we had been saved at the very moment when we believed everything to be lost. They then informed us that in each winter 40 to 50 drivers die in the snow, unable to get their cars through the drifts or crushed under the rushing avalanches. We seemed to possess charmed lives and were exceedingly grateful to kind Providence.

During the remainder of our tour through Iran, the weather cleared and warmed up, and the trip was unevent-

ful. We proceeded in a northerly direction towards the Turkish-Iranian border and reached Maku, where we examined an odd but effective form of fortification. It is a natural fort cut into a mountain. Approximately in the centre of this tremendous rock formation a city has been built, almost 1,000 feet above the ground and protected against air-raids by the entire top of the mountain which covers the whole village like a gigantic umbrella, and since the village is built high above the ground and actually carved into solid rock, it is comparatively safe from any attack from below.

Just beyond this point, we crossed the Iranian border and entered Turkey at Bayazet.

TURKEY

We left Bayazet behind us after a rather short stay and continued into Turkey in a westerly direction. Traveling became very difficult again because Turkey was still in the grip of a late winter and we were forced to proceed whole days at a time, wading through snow and water.

One day, as we neared a little village about 40 miles from the city of Erzerum, we were quickly surrounded by Turkish guards who commanded us to hand over our passports. They were fully armed and since their demeanour was threatening to the extreme, we were obliged to obey. After examining our papers minutely, they ordered us to follow them and led us to a small hotel nearby, where we were given a room with the curt order not to attempt to leave until further notice. A guard of three fully armed soldiers was stationed outside our door.

The past few days had been very difficult ones and we were dead tired. So we took full advantage of the comforts the room offered and fell into a deep, sound sleep. On the following morning we were awakened by a Turkish officer, who at first ordered us to change our route and, instead of proceeding overland to Ankara, take the steamer from Tabrizond on the Black Sea and go to Istanbul. When we refused to obey his orders, he charged us with being spies. Further, he informed us that we were being held, suspected as

British spies, because we had for the past two days penetrated into a military zone and had not deemed it necessary to inform the authorities.

When they first made that accusation, we laughed at them, regarding the whole matter as a huge joke. That our foolish indifference might work against us, did not dawn on us at the time. From time to time they would show us photographs of famous world-war spies and would ask us whether we could identify them. Most of the photographs were those of Colonel Lawrence, the noted British spy. We still did not realize our dangerous position and, with foolhardy sarcasm, pointed out some of the men as our former acquaintances while we professed total ignorance of others. The Turks became more suspicious all the time.

But still they were not altogether sure of their ground, and tried to persuade us to take the steamer to Istambul. When we answered that we had not sufficient money to pay for the boat-fare, they even offered to supply us with the tickets, but again we refused explaining to them that the *visa*, given by the Turkish Consulate, granted us permission to go through the military zone, and, since we had been delayed too long already, we wanted to reach Ankara by the shortest route.

Our insistence upon our prescribed course through this zone, satisfied them that we were indeed spies, and after an eighty-day captivity, during which time we were kept within the confines of a single room, we were told to prepare ourselves for the firing squad.

That changed the complexion of things entirely, and we were at last thoroughly alarmed and tried to discover some means of evading the carrying out of the sentence, for after all, such an execution would have interrupted our good-will tour far too prematurely. At first, we begged permission to send a telegram to the British Minister at Ankara, the man in charge of the telegraph office, however, refused to accept the telegram.

Now we really thought the end had come and in our imagination we could already see daylight through our bodies. As a last resort, we showed them a letter of introduction given us by a Turkish Doctor in Afghanistan to the secretary of Kemal Pasha, the President. This missive stunned them and the end was temporarily postponed while the letter was dispatched to Ankara for verification.

Fifteen long days passed before we finally received an answer, but that reply was the eagerly awaited verification and we were ordered to be released. We were so happy that we danced all around the room with our guards and for the first time in Turkey slept without a worry on our minds.

The next morning we applied for our passports, but to our dismay, we were instead presented with three soldiers on horseback, armed to the teeth. Since our course led through their military zone, these men had been entrusted with our papers, our photographic supplies and writing materials, and had been instructed not to let us out of their sight, until we had passed the last fortification.

After the first shock we decided that this order might prove advantageous to us since it would preclude any further interruptions and troubles and might give us assistance while crossing some of the steep mountains that we knew we had to cross.

But oh, how mistaken we were ! These three men were tough and they soon convinced us that they did not relish their task one wee bit.

Whenever we were on an up-grade (and that was half the time we spent on that trip) the horses naturally could climb much faster than we with our heavy loads. So our kind comrades would assist us by affixing their bayonets to their rifles and gently prodding us where we felt it most. We got the point and made fabulous time considering the up-grade.

Once we reached the top, however, and were on the descent (which meant the other half of the trip) our iron horses were much the faster and we put a lot of distance between ourselves and our chaperons. They palyfully levelled their rifles at us and threatened to shoot if we did not slow down to enable them to close up the gap.

In this manner we passed through their military zone and then reached Ankara more dead than alive. We rode directly to the President's Secretary, Katibe Hikmat Bey, who in turn introduced us to Prime Minister Ismit Pasha. These gentlemen listened attentively and sympathetically to an account of our undertaking thus far, were readily convinced that we were telling the truth and promised to make our problem easy for us for the remainder of our stay in Turkey.

To our genuine delight, their first order was the dismissal of our three palls.

After that, life for us took on a different hue. We were treated royally, conducted wherever we wished to go and made the guests of the schools and colleges throughout Turkey. It seemed that everybody wanted to repay us for the hardships of the first few months.

We studied their methods of education as thoroughly as time permitted and absorbed much that was useful and interesting. All Turkish children are taught to love their country above God and parents. The Histories of their great national heroes are ever stressed and they are held up as shining examples because they laid down their lives in defence of or on behalf of their country.

Thus when the child leaves school, he is firmly convinced that one of his ancestors, too, has died in glory while fighting for Turkey or has been instrumental in building the foundation of the powerful modern nation they have been taught to love.

Besides being very patriotic, we learned, while traversing Turkey that its people are also hard working and honest, and we saw them set many a fine example that proved an inspiration to us.

On one occasion, we happened to visit a little store in one of the villages we passed through and saw on display a certain article we wanted to buy. It so happened that the price was considerably higher than that of a similar article we had seen some weeks ago in a different city. We mentioned this to the store-keeper and he remarked that the reason for the higher price was the fact that he had to pay for the extra freight. We argued with him for a little while, but finally decided to purchase the article anyway. The man wrapped it up, and when we handed him our money, he refused it saying, "You are travellers and will be in need of your money. I am glad to give you this article free of charge. Were I to sell it, however, I would insist on the price I quoted."

Another time, while stopping in one village, many of the villagers surrounded us and were eager to learn what we were doing, whither bound, the reason for our trip, etc. When we explained to them that our tour was one of good will and that we intended to write a book of our travels,

they begged us to be sure and write only nice things about Turkey and its inhabitants. It seems to us that they treated us with exceptional kindness and courtesy after that, most likely in the hope that the account of our travels through their beloved country would be favourable at least.

By this time, we were about ready to leave Asia. Our last remaining stop was Yalowa, a beautiful little spot where the Turkish President had a summer villa. At this point we crossed the Bosphorus, the narrow channel that runs between Europe and Asia and that connects the Black Sea with the Sea of Marmora. We landed on the southern entrance to the Bosphorus in Istambul, formerly known as Constantinople. This is the largest city of Turkey and one of the most beautiful in the world. It is scattered on promontories overlooking the Sea of Marmora and the Golden Horn, an inlet four miles long which divides Istambul into two parts—Stambul and Pera. Pera, on the northern side of the Horn, is the more modern, but Stambul, the ancient, is the more picturesque, occupying the ancient site of Byzantium, the centre of Mohammedan life. It is known as the City of Mosques. Among the most renowned that we visited, are the Aya Sophia, the magnificent Byzantine church which the Turks converted into a mosque in 1453, and the mosques of Shah Zadeh Rustom Pasha, and Sultan Suleiman. The Seraglio which overlooks the Bosphorus, commanding one of the liveliest views in the world, was for decades the home of the Sultans.

Here we left Turkey and entered Bulgaria.

EUROPE

BULGARIA AND YUGOSLAVIA Because of so many enforced delays, due partly to weather conditions and partly to misunderstandings, we decided to try and make up some of the lost time in Europe, where a marvellous system of fine roads, aided us greatly in increasing our daily mileage. We stopped for a short time only in Sophia, the Capital of Bulgaria, and in Belgrade, Yugoslavia's capital.

In these two countries, as we noticed, a very great emphasis is laid on agriculture and all its ramifications. The governments of both the countries encourage their boys and young men to study every phase of agriculture rather than pursue a higher education in some other field. The reason, of course, is evident, since the very life and existence of these little countries is dependent directly and almost solely upon their fertile pastures. Thirty-five per cent. of the Bulgarian land is arable and almost three-fourths of the population is engaged in its cultivation. Oats, wheat, barley, maize and rye are principally raised, but primitive methods, such as the wooden plough and ox-tearing are still much in evidence. In Yugoslavia, the percentage of people engaged in cultivation is even higher yet, consisting of almost 80% of the population.

HUNGARY We passed through these countries rather hurriedly and entered Hungary, making our way at once to Budapest, "The Queen of the Danube." It consists of two cities, Buda on the hills of the western bank of the Danube, and Pest on the east bank, on the Hungarian plane. We crossed the famous old Suspension Bridge and admired the many palatial edifices that line the embankments—the Royal Castle and the church of St. Mathias are two of the most beautiful, the latter being Gothic in design.

The Hungarian people are a joyous, happy lot, very polite and courteous in their manner. Even the policemen showed us marked courtesy, always coming towards us and saluting us before giving us either the information we desired or telling us of some traffic law we had disobeyed and explaining its reason.

AUSTRIA Continuing on our way, we crossed into Austria and at once headed for the gay yet stately old capital—Vienna. It consists of an inner and outer city which has spread so in recent years that the greater Vienna now includes the foot-hills of the Wiener Wald. Among its landmarks are St. Stephen's Cathedral, dating from around 1300 and the famous Imperial Hofburg. We must not forget the Government buildings, the University and most of all the Burg Theatre and the Opera, for Vienna is synonymous with fine music.

This city is recognized throughout the earth as a Spa, a haven for all afflicted, for the reputation of its physicians and surgeons knows no bounds. We met an Indian gentleman there who, through some mishap, had lost the use of his voice and was unable to speak a single word for over two years. He had tried the best doctors in India and many other countries, but with no avail. Finally he came to Austria upon the advice of a friend, placed himself in the hands of a great Viennese surgeon, was operated upon and within 15 days regained his voice. Naturally he thought a miracle had been performed. We heard so many stories parallel to this, that we are convinced that the reputation these fine doctors have earned for themselves is well merited.

As for the city itself, the people of Europe compare Vienna to Budapest somewhat in this fashion. They call Budapest, being a modern city, a "modern young girl" and Vienna, being stately and majestic, "a fine old lady."

From here we moved on to Linz, the capital of upper Austria, and then to Salzburg, imposingly situated on the banks of the Salzbach. It still contains some Christian catacombs from the third century and some of its outstanding buildings are in the Renaissance, Gothic, Romanesque and Baroque style. It is a popular summer resort.

GERMANY Soon after we left Salzburg we reached the German boundary and entered that country at Munich. Here we visited one of the largest museums in the world, known as the Deutsche Museum. We were greatly impressed by the practical way in which the Germans have arranged this museum and the clever plan under which visitors are conducted through its immense structure.

For instance, going through the mining department, we thought that we were actually being led through real mines. At places we were lowered in an elevator, at others we had to crouch low and almost crawl as though we were actually deep down in an actual mine. Then we visited the exhibits of machinery and ship-building. Here we were shown the difference between the old and the modern machines with all the latest improvement. Both were actuated by electric buttons to impress upon us the great advance made in the last century. While in the ship-building museum, we thought we were actually walking on the deck of a ship.

From Munich we rode to Nuremburg, timing ourselves so as to be able to listen to Hitler as he delivered one of his fiery speeches. We were convinced, as was everyone of his thousands of listeners, that he is one of the world's greatest orators. His radio personality and his ability to sway masses are almost phenomenal.

From here we continued on to Padmokli, the frontier between Czechoslovakia and Germany, and once again entered Germany, this time pedalling to Dresden. Here we visited the famous Art Gallery and saw the original of Raphael's famous Sistine Madonna.

Thence to Leipzig with its fine Napoleonic Monument. While in Leipzig, we stayed at the Y.M.C.A. and had a novel experience. People asked us whether we were Christians and of course we replied in the negative. "Well," said they, "then how is it possible that you, being non-Christians, can be members of the Indian Y.M.C.A. and make use of all their facilities?" So we had to explain to them that the Y.M.C.A.'s in India are primarily not of a religious character but cater mostly for sports and that any one can become a member, regardless of caste, colour or creed. This seemed to satisfy them.

From Leipzig we rode to Berlin and once again were impressed by the methodical German way of running things. All the people, here, walk in twos on one side of the street and the opposite or returning traffic is also in twos, on the other side of the street, thus avoiding all congestion. We also witnessed an example of their campaign for cleanliness which, because of the way it happened, struck us as funny. We still burst out laughing every time we think of it. It so happened that a man was fined for throwing a piece

of paper in the street. Such fines are paid for on the spot, and when the policeman gave the offender the receipt for his fine, the man was so disgusted and indignant that he crumpled the paper in his hand and unconsciously threw it, too, into the street. The policeman noticed it and immediately fined the man once again. The poor man's anger knew no bounds, his face became as red as a lobster's and he looked as though he was about to burst. But, fortunately for his pocket-book, he controlled himself this time, quietly paid his second fine, and stuffed the receipt well down into his pocket.

On many occasions, we rested overnight at Hostels, known as "Wanderers' Houses." There we had to observe many formalities. Immediately upon entering we had to remove our clothes, which were examined under powerful electric spot-lights for vermin. Then we were sent to a doctor and had to submit to a thorough examination against any infectious or venereal diseases. Next we were given soap and towel and ordered to take a bath. When that was accomplished, our clothes were all taken from us and we were given special house-clothing to don for the night.

At first we were rather annoyed with the whole matter. We had no vermin, no venereal or infectious diseases, yet were compelled to submit to examination and to give up our clothes for disinfection. But as we cycled in other parts of Europe later on, and had to sleep on cots and other bunks that fairly crawled, we repeatedly blessed the German thoroughness and cleanliness.

We took advantage of many opportunities to inspect German schools and colleges and to acquaint ourselves with their mode of teaching. Like the Turkish children, the Germans also are taught to be patriots above all else. The Fatherland comes first. Boxing and swimming are compulsory studies for all boys.

During their vacations, the students must spend a certain length of time at the homes of farmers and thus obtain first-hand knowledge of the country's agricultural programme and its relation to the welfare of the Reich. It is a praiseworthy plan, for in Germany farmers are considered the backbone of the country.

Upon leaving Berlin, we made straight for Cologne where we stayed only long enough to admire the beautiful

Koln Dome, the highest Cathedral in the world whose twin spires reach 512 feet into the clouds. It is a noble specimen of Gothic architecture. The building was begun in 1248 and work was carried on intermittently for over 600 years. The Cathedral contains the relics and the shrines of three Magians, for which reason it has been the goal of many pilgrims.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA Leaving Nuremburg, we crossed into Czechoslovakia and visited Pilsen and Prague. Here we visited one of the world's largest breweries. The underground cellars of this immense plant extend about eight miles in length and every cross street in those cellars is named after one of the countries to which they export beer. The men working in these cellars are permitted to drink about three litres of beer daily. Judging by their appearance, however, they must be devouring at least 10 litres each, an equivalent of 15 bottles, for each man seemed to weigh from 250 to 300 lbs. and looked, for all the world, like one of the barrels he was rolling around.

The daily output of this world famous brewery is said to consist of 5,000,000 bottles and 50,000 barrels of beer. Indeed a staggering figure ! They operate their own trains between their plant and the depots. While on the subject of this great brewery, we must not forget to mention that almost the entire underground cellar is blasted out of a solid rock, a monster piece of engineering skill.

At Prague, our next stop, we still recall the fine Old Town Square, with a monument of Huss and the Charles' Palace, also the St. Vitus's Cathedral among whose numerous treasures and works of art is the massive silver sarcophagus of St. John of Nepomuk. We also went through some of the cut-glass and leather factories. Czechoslovakia is world famous for its marvellous cut-glass.

BELGIUM From Cologne we cycled to Belgium and spent a considerable time in Brussels, one of Europe's finest and largest cities. A beautiful example of Gothic architecture is the 13th century church of St. Gundle. A startling contrast between the ancient and the modern architecture is afforded by the 15th century Hotel de Ville and the monumental tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

From Ireland we made our way to Scotland after once again crossing the Irish Sea. We sailed from Larne to Stranraer and then toured to Glasgow, the second largest city in the British Isles. Then on to Scotland's capital, Edinburgh. Here we saw a unique War Monument. It is a Fort, but used as a Shrine. In a special hall are hung banners of all the Scottish regiments and at the foot of each banner there is displayed a book, containing the names of all the soldiers who fell during the last war, as well as the names of all those who survived and are living to-day. It thus affords an accurate, up-to-date record of the past and present.

FRANCE From Scotland we retraced our steps through England, back to London, then to Dover and there we took the Channel boat, crossing over to France, this time landing at Calais. We immediately mounted our wheels and rode to Paris, where our first trip was to the Eiffel Tower. We had heard much about it and had become very much interested in its construction.

What we saw did not disappoint us. The tower reached almost 1000 feet into the sky like a huge finger pointing towards heaven. In a high wind the tower sways as much as 30 feet. Monsieur Eiffel evidently had not calculated on this terrific sway when he erected the monument, because he had originally intended to build himself a pent house on the very top. The structure is so heavy that, if it were left alone, it would slowly sink deeper and deeper into the ground, bringing into question all this vaunted engineering skill; the French, however, off-set this pressure by exerting hydraulic counter-pressure from below and from the sides.

On the first floor which is about 300 feet above the ground, a very beautiful restaurant has been constructed, and on each Saturday night large crowds gather there to dance. The second storey, at a height of about 600 feet, affords an elegant view of the whole of Paris, a truly inspiring sight. While standing on the very top, an actual height of almost 996 feet, it is necessary to hold on to a railing in order to retain a foothold.

We had also read much about Napoleon's Tomb and wanted to see it. So we rode there and again were not dis-

appointed. Our greatest interest, however, became centred upon the unique method used by the French to exact homage for their great national hero from all who come to visit his tomb. Napoleon being a great conqueror had naturally many enemies throughout the world. Since it is out of the question for France to compel foreigners to bow their heads before this shrine, they have struck upon the following novel plan.

The tomb is built like a huge cylindrical well, with massive walls extending 30 feet deep into the ground. A person who wishes to view the tomb, must therefore bend low over a support railing and look down upon the tomb, much in the same manner as a person looking down at a bucket in the bottom of a well. In that way, every visitor has to bow his head, and this gesture, made of necessity, satisfied the French soul.

We made one more stop at the Palace of Versailles, now a National Museum. Together with the Trianon Palace and its sumptuous gardens, it forms an imposing spectacle. Then we continued southwards through the famous vine area of Bordeaux and Biarritz where we sampled the French wines.

SPAIN Now a strenuous climb lay before us. We were heading for San Sebastian, the beautiful summer resort of Spain and we had to cross the Pyrennees the glorious, lofty range that touches the Mediterranean on one extremity and the Atlantic on the other. The highest, elevation culminates in a point 11,168 feet above the sea.

In San Sebastian it was, that ten months after our arrival there, the long drawn out civil war broke out.

We rode on to Vittoria and through Burgos, where we viewed the famous Cathedral which to-day lies in ruins.

Then we continued to Madrid, the beautiful capital of Spain, where we saw some of the finest architecture we had yet seen in Europe. It is truly inspiring.

We also attended a bull fight while in Madrid and are of the opinion that it is about as interesting and exciting a sport as can be found anywhere.

Pushing further south, we went through Toledo, famous for its handcrafts, and saw Alcaraz which has since been blown up.

Cardoba was next and then Seville and Granada, where

BRITISH ISLES On leaving Brussels we continued to Ostend, and from there crossed the English Channel landing at Dover, England. We immediately set out for Canterbury and then on to London. Just before entering this mighty metropolis, we were blanketed in the densest fog we had ever witnessed. Motor cars were completely stalled, it was almost impossible to see the hand at arm's length. Only the fact that we were on cycles enabled us to continue at all, but at a snail's pace.

We took in many sights in London—the Parliament Houses, Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, Madame Tussaud's Wax-Work Exhibition, the Tower and London Bridge, Blackfriars, the Nelson and Victoria Monuments. We also witnessed the Changing of the Guard. But from an engineering standpoint, we admired the London Subway system the most. It is certainly one of the finest in the world.

Upon our entry into London, our funds were almost exhausted. Amid a 7,000,000 population we were a trio who owned exactly \$ 15.00 between us and we were mighty afraid that our world tour would come to an end if the Government learnt of our plight as stranded aliens. But our good luck which had kept us company throughout our tour, did not desert us in this hour. By sheer accident we met a gentleman through whose influence we were to meet the secretary of one of the largest societies in England known as the "Royal Empire Society." While we delivered a lecture there, in which we explained the motive of our tour and described our adventures up till that time, a listener in our audience, Lord Wakefield, known throughout the world as a great philanthropist, sent us his card and asked us to visit him in his office the next day.

Lord Wakefield, we learned, is a man who uses a great part of his wealth to promote sports and adventurous undertakings all over the world, and here it was our good fortune to be introduced to him only a few hours after our arrival. When we went to his office the next day, he presented us with a magnificent donation that enabled us to continue our journey without any further fear of bankruptcy for many a week to come.

After that we met the late Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Prime Minister of England, Sir Samuel Hoare, the Secretary of

State for India, Lord Sankey, the Lord Chancellor, and many other noteworthy personages.

From London we toured through the Midlands and viewed the home of Shakespeare and also his tomb at Stratford-on-Avon. Shakespeare, on his deathbed, expressed the desire to be buried in his own home town. His wish was, of course, carried out and the Epitaph on his grave reads—

“Good friend for Jesus sake forbear,
To digg the dust enclosed heare,
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones.”

Our next stop was the small but lively manufacturing town of Redditch where our cycles were made. It is the only town in England where fishing tackle, needles and pins, are manufactured. The officials of the Enfield Cycle Works were naturally interested in our trip because it is being made on their machines, and took our three wheels from us in order to display them in their show windows and museums. They then presented us with three new specially prepared wheels which we still proudly use.

At Birmingham where we next spent a few days, we visited the Dunlop Rubber Factory, the Lucas Works and the Brooks Saddle and Leather Works. Birmingham is known as the Black City for obvious reasons.

Now we cycled into Wales, the country of odd, long names. We thought we had come across almost all sorts of “tags” in our travels, but with all our experience and our knowledge of languages, we simply could not learn, let alone remember these, to us, unpronounceable names of towns and streets.

Situated near the western sea, Wales is naturally a land of rainfall and we enjoyed few sunny days. It is rich in coal and minerals and most of the large towns are engaged in some form of mining.

At Holyhead we crossed the Irish Sea and landed in Kingstown, Dublin. This is the capital of the Irish Free State and we had the extreme good fortune of meeting its President, Eamon De Valera, the champion of the Sinn Féin. Since 1917 he has headed the Republican Party. He is a beloved leader and a fine gentleman.

stand at a *certain* angle, to descend to *this* partiucular spot or to gaze in *that* specific direction—"and your view will be magnificent and never-to-be-forgotten."

It is not only our opinion but also that of many world travellers who have viewed both Kashmir and Switzerland, that Kashmir is by far the more blessed with natural grandeur.

ITALY Once we arrived in Italy we went directly to Milan, where we saw the marvellous Cathedral, one of the monumental religious edifices of Europe. Cruciform in shape, it occupies almost three acres of land. Its roof is upheld by fifty-two pillars that are provided with niches for statues. We were also intrigued by Milan's world-famous market place.

From Milan we set out on our longest one-day tour, cycling 185 miles in 11 hours to Venice, the only city of its type in the world, entirely surrounded by water. Its houses are raised on stilts and its main streets are waterways. Situated on the Adriatic and built on a group of islands, Venice is a city of dreamlike loveliness. Gondolas still out-number the motor launches and it is an odd yet exhilarating experience, instead of calling a cab, to hail a gondolier and then to be paddled right to the steps of the address given. There are many foot paths in Venice, of course, but walking becomes laborious, because there are over 400 bridges in this city and in a half-mile walk, the pedestrian will have to ascend and descend about twenty bridges. That is why the Gondola's popularity will never diminish.

Now our tour took us southward towards Florence, or as the Italians call it, Firenze. Here we saw the ancient palaces in all their pomp and grandeur. We marvelled at the exquisiteness of the inlay work done in silver and brass. The work was artistically so outstanding, that we could not resist purchasing a few articles at least, but later, during our travels resold them at a fine profit.

Pisa was our next stop and its Leaning Tower was naturally the much discussed wonder that we wanted to see. Because of its slanting structure it looks as though it were just about to topple over. The magnificent cathedral, a Romanesque basilica, is worth any traveller's visit.

From Pisa we cycled to Rome, the Eternal City. Here we inspected the gorgeous Vatican Palace, took note of the gold

embroidery on the sentry's uniforms, and the profusion of priceless jewels and draperies and trappings. Every glance revealed a touch of gold and wealth and splendour and gave us the impression that the Vatican must be fabulously rich.

In other parts of Rome, we saw many ancient monuments, great works of sculpture and fine art galleries, that enable a tourist to carry away with him a vivid mental picture of the Rome of Nero's time.

Next came Naples. Our first impression of the city was not one of enthusiasm but before we left we agreed that its position on the lovely bay, with Mount Vesuvius at one end and the Isles of Capri and Ischia at the entrance, makes it one of the most beautiful cities of the world.

Mount Vesuvius must be seen not only during the day but at midnight, for then, when climbing towards its crater, one may view one of the grandest sights of nature, the actual burning of a mountain. Only mildly active, it nevertheless spews its fumes to the heavens, and the constant rumbling from within its bowels, the crackling of the lava it belches forth and its bleak forbidding appearance, make one feel as though one has been transported into a different world. When at midnight, one views Naples from this vantage point, its millions of twinkling lights reflected in the silvery surface of its crescent bay, one echoes the saying "See Naples and die."

From Mount Vesuvius we proceeded to Pompeii. This city, at one time completely destroyed, together with Herculanium and Stabia, by a violent eruption of the relentless volcano, has been in great part unearthed. Its Forum and Amphitheatre, seating 20,000 people, are very interesting and educational. We absorbed all we could during our short stay, then returned to Naples and boarded a boat for Africa. Crossing the Mediterranean we landed at Alexandria, in Egypt, on the African continent.

we were entertained with Moorish dances and singing. Even a little child of two had in her hands the musical blocks known as the castanets, or, as they are called in Spain, Paliáj.

We continued swiftly through Alicante and Murcia and came to Valencia, where we feasted our eyes on the endless rows of rose bushes.

Next came Barcelona and its famous Exposition Palace. When this place is illuminated it becomes a veritable fairy-land. To make it still more enchanting, they play numerous water fountains. Some of them throw their jets high into the air, and one in particular attains a height of almost 100 feet and when the upward climb is stooped it cascades into varying shapes, and endless hues, to form a picture so beautiful that it is unforgettable. The blending of the myriads of colours with the dancing waters is so perfectly and so ingeniously accomplished that they bespeak an engineering triumph.

Taking the advice of a sight-seer, we strolled down one street called the Rambla, the beauty of Barcelona. Here the sides of the street are lined with floral shops, which literally waft thin fragrance over the countryside. Glorious blossoms in utter profusion give one the impression of walking through a royal garden, while the singing and the dancing that one enjoys in all quarters of the glorious city leave one in a trance.

Leaving Barcelona behind, we made our way north and re-entered France near Marseilles. It was during our stay in this, the largest port of France, that King Alexander of Yugoslavia was assassinated by a Macedonian. From Marseilles we cycled to the French Riviera, thence to Cannes, Nice and to Monte Carlo, where hundreds and thousands of foreigners gather to flirt with Dame Fortune. Before one receives permission to enter this house of chance, an attendant takes one's passport, name and address, and then issues a special permit on the strength of which one may go to the roulette room. The play lasts for almost fourteen hours per day, but many devotees are not satisfied even with that length of time.

SWITZERLAND We left this place after only a short stay and pushed on to Grenoble and to Aix-les-Bains, crossing the French Swiss border by one of the longest span bridges in Europe.

Our first stop of importance was Geneva where we arrived during the special sessions that were held for the purpose of dealing with the well-known Italian-Abyssinian debacle. A guide led us through the buildings of the House of the League of Nations and we learned much about their management and their work.

The city of Berne was our next stop. To get there we had to cycle through the beautiful lake district of Lausanne and we enjoyed many wonderful sights. Berne is situated on the Aar river and is the most typically Swiss of the larger cities, with its wide streets, elegant houses, and arcades on both sides.

Entirely new to us was the arrangement these people adopted in laying out their exquisitely designed swimming pools. They were quite unlike any pools we had ever seen. Here they have a large river flowing through the pools from some remote point and it is customary for the would-be bathers to walk along the river for about two miles, then to step into the flowing water and permit themselves to be carried lazily toward the pool. In that way they combined a hike with a swim, all in beautiful surroundings under the shady trees.

Zurich was next on our itinerary and beyond that, the famous Gothard Pass. Here we saw the longest single tunnel we had yet seen, a tunnel seven miles in length. Riding our wheels up the steep grades of the Gothard was no easy task, and we were therefore very much surprised to see some of the Swiss girls on bicycles riding up almost as fast as we did. The fact that their wheels were very heavy made their feat much more astounding.

After we crossed the Gothard we came to Lugano where Italian is spoken almost exclusively.

At this point we would like to pause a moment to compare Switzerland with Kashmir. Switzerland is considered to be the beauty spot of Europe, while Kashmir is considered the "Paradise on Earth." Comparison is therefore invited.

Kashmir's beauty is wholly natural. You may stand by any river, you may repose by the tall pine trees, you may seek any position in any valley or climb any high point in this luxuriant earthly paradise, and from every angle and in every direction, Kashmir is unbelievably beautiful and majestic.

Switzerland's beauty on the other hand, is enhanced by "man-made improvements," by human patterns. In Switzerland your guide will ask you to climb a *certain* peak, to

From Edfu we entrained for Shellal and then we embarked on a Nile river boat for Wadi Halfa. Because of the two great deserts, the Libian and the Nubian, we were forced to take the train once more, a total distance of 1,200 miles, until we reached Khartoom, the capital of Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. This city is laid out in the shape of a Union Jack.

Once again we had to take the Nile boat because of the 1,500 miles of swamps that made cycling impossible. While on the boat, we saw many strange sights and tribal customs.

One day we came across a dead hippo and after continuing for several miles, the crew of the boat informed some tribesmen of their find. Immediately the natives scrambled into canoes, and set out for the carcass. Answering our enquiry the crew told us that the tribesmen were going after the dead hippo to prepare a real feast. We were told that this tribe would eat anything dead or alive.

Several days later we came across a tribe called Dinkas. They are supposed to be the tallest people on the face of the earth. All of them are over seven feet tall, but they are living skeletons. Their style of walking very much resembles the lope of a giraffe. They are a noted, fierce, warrior tribe. But more of this later.

During the later stage of our Nile trip, we saw all along the banks, great herds of elephants and hippopotami and countless snakes and crocodiles that passed directly by the side of the boat in an unending parade.

BRITISH EAST AFRICA We landed in Juba after a 15-day voyage and made our way into British East Africa.

Here the dark continent really began. While passing through northern Uganda we saw many tribes whose women went stark naked, while the men wore few clothes, and other tribes whose men were naked and where women wore at least some covering. The natives were so primitive that in some instances they were afraid to come near us. On one occasion as we were passing through a village the men threw spears and stones at us.

The bodies of the women among these people are truly beautiful. We believe that any western or eastern woman would be proud to possess a body so perfectly moulded as

the exquisite "streamlined" bodies of these almost uncivilized savages. Due to the direct rays of a merciless sun, however, they are unable to grow hair on their heads.

Permit us to include here a short word picture of some of these African tribes and their customs.

Africa is so vast that its tribes are widely scattered, they speak different dialects, their mode of living differs greatly and even in their physical make-up they are very much unlike. Until recent years, they professed no religion of their own and they have no caste difference nor scruples of any sort. Even after they are converted to Christianity, they observe some of their ancient rituals, their marriage and death ceremonies, and there are many varied orgies and rites.

The natives of Sudah, more remote from civilization than the native of British East Africa, are still very primitive. The Sudanese are very tall and lean, from ankle to knee they have only the long bone without any flesh or muscle bulging out to form the calf. Their thighs too, are thin and bony. Their gait resembles that of a giraffe and they step so lightly and quickly that they seem hardly to touch the ground. In spite of their poor physique, they are very warlike. Their weapons consist chiefly of long spears and big shields.

They live in abject poverty but beautify themselves by applying red clay to their hair, thereby forming a queer sort of head-gear, and they tattoo their foreheads and cheeks. Their huts are built either of mud or straw and are found always in a circle and surrounded by sharp thorn bushes to ward off attacks from wild beasts. The interior of their houses is completely bare, and they own no furniture of any description.

The natives go almost naked when they are outside their huts, and whenever they enter them, they remove even the little that they do wear and live at home in absolute nudity. All the girls go naked until they are given in marriage, then don a leather belt from which a piece of leather is suspended in front. When they approach a person from a distance, it is almost impossible to distinguish a man from a woman, because neither of them have any hair on the head to speak of, due to the heat of the tropical sun.

All their food is eaten raw and they file their teeth in order to be able to chew the tough meat. As they use no

AFRICA

While we were in England, we had devoted all available spare time to a systematic study of Africa, its weather, diseases, roads, tribes and vegetation, and the composite picture was none too encouraging.

The people we met in England and with whom we discussed our plans, thought that we were tired of living. They told us flatly that a cycle tour through Africa was suicidal. One of our friends, after an unavailing endeavour for a number of days to dissuade us from such "folly," presented us with a gorgeous bouquet of flowers. He remarked that he would not be able to place it on our graves, since he had no intention or inclination to leave England, and he therefore bought us those flowers at this premature moment while we could still enjoy them.

Laughingly we accepted them—with thanks. This gentleman will never realize how nearly right he had been, for it was only our extreme good fortune and a succession of lucky breaks, that saved us time and again from the very jaws of death. It is a common occurrence in Africa that a person is happy and vigorous in the morning and dead in the evening. To a non-native, almost everything about Africa is inimical. The weather, for instance, is atrocious—humid, tropical heat in the mornings, torrential downpours in the afternoons and extreme cold at night.

One has to pass through sleeping-sickness zones, where quinine is the accepted dessert for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Numerous jungles and reserved forests, infested with every type of wild beast, as though a number of zoos had been emptied into their confines, make every step dangerous to the unwary traveller.

We have a snap of a leopard taken at a distance of three feet. Poisonous snakes abound in uncounted numbers. On numerous occasions our high boots prevented their fangs from penetrating our legs.

Lions and leopards on the loose, herds of stampeding elephants, hippopotami in large numbers, and scattered groups of rhinoceros did not add to our feelings of comfort and security. A charging hippo can toss a loaded automobile into the air as though it were a basket-ball.

EGYPT But back to our trip. We entered Egypt from Alexandria and cycled directly towards Cairo where we camped at the base of the pyramids, built about 2000 B.C. They are still, in our opinion, the greatest marvel of this or any age.

The huge stones with which they are built, weighing in excess of 100 tons each, were hauled over a distance of 800 miles, and set one upon another to the dizzy height of 415 feet. Even to-day with all the vaunted ingenuity and engineering skill of the greatest minds, in that field, we have not been able to build a crane that would lift one of those stones. How it was accomplished in those days without any machinery (at least to our knowledge) is still a mystery.

We rode from Cairo to Edfu and then through Luxour and Aswan where we saw the famous temples of Carnac and Luxour. These structures are so stupendous and vast that the patience, skill and labour that must have been expended over their erection seem fantastic, and altogether out of proportion to anything that our generation has ever attempted or could even remotely approach.

In Luxour we also saw the excavations of the renowned Tutankhaman's tomb. It is said that the chief engineer in charge of the excavations died mysteriously on the day the tomb was eventually opened, and since then four more men who were put in charge have died under mysterious circumstances.

We were told that the body of Tutankhaman was laid in a coffin of pure gold, studded with jewels. This in turn was placed in another coffin of gold, this in a third and so on until there were eight covers around the body. When the body was finally reached in its inner cover, it was carefully laid aside for the night. On the following morning however, there was no trace of the mummy nor its first casket. Both had completely disappeared and to this day it is not known whether they were stolen or how they had vanished. After the death of the four engineers, the Egyptian Government finally forbade further excavations, ascribing the catastrophes to Tutankhaman's curse. Those objects that had been excavated were transferred to the National Museum in Cairo and give the world of to-day an insight into the fabulous wealth of the ancient Pharaohs.

we passed through the villages of Bubude and Baluchake, which are situated in the midst of the high mountain peaks. The natives in these parts are known as the Bugishus and they own large herds of cattle, besides their coffee estates. They are comparatively in much better circumstances than their brothers in the other parts of Uganda, but their morals are very loose and their habits are cruel and unscrupulous. They have many lepers living in their midst who until recently had been cannibals, and many horrible stories concerning their exploits are still current. Even now people are afraid to travel in those parts at night.

As we entered one of their houses, we saw an old woman stirring some sort of brew in a large kettle over a slow fire. The ladle she was using looked so strange to us that we asked her to show it to us. Imagine our horror when we realized that it was the skeleton of a human arm and hand, severed just below the elbow. The old hag explained to us that the beer she was preparing, would taste much better when stirred with this gruesome ladle.

Nature, however, has bestowed upon them a beautiful country with mountains, valleys, sparkling sweet-water springs and a cool refreshing climate.

KENYA We pushed on to Kusmu in the Kenya Colony and continued towards Elderet. On our way there, we had a very narrow escape from death. We heard a wild shrieking noise and suddenly a frenzied boar darted out of the tall grass directly in front of us and into the grass on our left. Only an instant later followed a lion pursuing his elusive prey. We thanked God that he was not chasing us, but our pulses beat a wild tattoo for a long time.

Almost every Sunday afternoon, the natives of Africa leave their work and come out of their homes in small groups, making their way towards the fields, where usually they dance. The men carry in their hands heavy, thick clubs, which they whirl over their heads. The women join with the men in shouting and making strange noises. The men put on their best clothes and tie bits of different coloured ribbons round their ankles, around their waists and on their heads, while the women wrap themselves up from the waist downwards in long pieces of cloth. The bigger they can make their hips, the more beautiful they are considered, so

when they are not able to buy enough cloth, they wrap themselves in gunny bags and cover them up with a piece of cloth. They are also very fond of beads and bangles, and a rich native's wife has her whole arm covered with bangles and wears many bead necklaces round her neck.

When a large crowd gathers in the field, the music begins and the dancers form a large ring around it. The music is produced by an instrument which resembles a xylophone. Two pieces from the trunk of a banana tree are placed side by side, becoming narrower and narrower at one end. Five pieces of dry logs, the longest about two feet and the shortest about ten inches, are placed across the trunks and kept apart from each other by small wooden pins. Three men on either side of it sit down on the ground and keep beating the logs violently in turns, so as to produce a musical tune. If, while playing, the logs which are not fastened to the trunks slip off from their places, the players poke them back into their proper place with their feet. One drummer keeps time with the musicians. At first the music is not very fast, but as the liquor bottles go round among the musicians and they copiously drink out of them, they get so excited that they beat upon the logs with increasing violence and ardour. The dancers too, who have drunk freely, begin to stamp their feet faster, until they make big holes in the hard earth. The dancing goes on for many hours, until the musicians get tired and new ones take their places, while those who had been dancing fall down in an exhausted state. Often the dancing is continued late into the night. As the moon comes up, they drink more and more and work themselves up to a frenzy. A few men and women jump up and begin dancing by swaying their bodies below the hips in graceful curves, while ugly and hideous looking crones, produce blood curdling noises, by lolling and wagging their tongues in a peculiar way. From time to time they are joined by the members of the crowd with wild cries and piercing shrieks. The whole thing looks ghastly and appears to be the work of lunatics or devils. They work themselves up to such a pitch, that the affair ends with blood-shed and breaking of heads. A native in such a state is a very unbalanced fellow and easily gets offended. The remembrance of a harsh



The ferry crossing at Atura. The canoe is built by scooping the trunk of a big tree. Some of them are so big that a dozen or more men can easily sit in them. (Details on page 46.)



A native dancing in B. E. Africa. They thump their feet so hard on the ground that they dig big holes in the earth. (Details on page 48.)



A leopard's cub just as it was about to climb a tree and escape in the bush where its mother lay hidden. (*Details on page 49.*)



A woman with long protruding upper lip. Some of them have got such long lips that they look like saucers. (*Details on page 51.*)

salt, they are immune to poisoning from spoiled flesh, and from snake bites. The sun's rays have turned their bodies into a dark bluish colour, but at the same time have made them immune to skin diseases. Their bodies emit a foul, strong odour, very likely because of the decayed, rotten food they devour as their daily diet.

Morality among them is unknown. Should a husband come home and notice a spear in front of his hut, he knows that his wife is entertaining another man and merely makes an about-turn and returns when the coast is clear.

In British East Africa, the natives are much finer physical specimens than their Sudan neighbours. They live on a higher plane of civilization, put on good clothes, build and maintain more substantial and clean houses, and some even travel to other countries. The poor among them however, are still a very primitive lot, but they live happily in their ignorance. A few bananas and some maize is all the food they need for an abundant life.

The men of these tribes take as many wives as they care to own, provided they can afford three cows for the purchase of each. These cows are paid to the father of the girl they desire. Should they tire of their spouses at any time, it is only necessary for them to take the wife back to her father and receive their cows in exchange again. It is as simple as that. If there should be any children the father may keep them. Should the father die, his eldest son inherits all the father's wives, that is, all except his own mother. Births among these natives are very frequent, each mother averaging from eight to ten children. The death rate, however, is equally great, since few children survive after the age of three.

UGANDA In Uganda we met many of our countrymen, engaged in business there, employed mostly in cotton ginneries. Though Uganda has its own king, it is still a British Protectorate.

From here our path led through many zones of sleeping sickness, and at Lira, one of our first stops, friendly countrymen presented us at once with a large bottle of quinine. They told us that this section was infested with malaria and black-water fever and advised us to take at least five grains a day as a precautionary measure. We thanked

them warmly and ignored their advice, until one of us got malaria. From then on, quinine was included in our daily diet.

From Lira we set out for Atura where two roads forked, both leading to our next destination, Port Masindi. One, a thirty mile road, was overrun with lions ; the other, a thirteen mile short cut, was infested with wild elephants. As in other like cases, we tossed a coin to decide our fate and the short cut got the vote. So we hired a native boy as a guide and started. We had hardly covered five miles when, all of a sudden, we heard a crackling noise as though all the trees were being broken down. It was impossible to see anything because the elephant grass was much taller than we were, so we stood on each others' shoulders and thus were able to see an elephant herd coming towards us. Now it so happened that at the first crackling noise, our little guide had vanished into thin air and we were left to our own devices.

Running as quickly as possible we headed straight forward, and there, hiding behind a huge tree, was our little native, beckoning us to join him behind the strong, solid protection thus afforded. We stood there noiselessly for three quarters of an hour, when we were finally convinced that the great beasts had taken another course and we were saved.

When we reached the village, the people were surprised that we could have crossed that stretch during daylight and many scolded us for being so foolish as to take such a risk.

We continued as swiftly as possible until we reached Jinja, the site of the Rippon Falls. We made this trip by way of Entebbe, the capital. Here at Jinja, is the source of the river Nile. On our way to Mebale we had to wait at Terrina for a ferry to take us across the Nile. Near Mebale are the dense forests in which a tribe of dreaded cannibals make life tough for travellers attempting a crossing at this point. The cannibals would trap tourists in the tall weeds and let those who escaped be devoured by crocodiles. Government has now removed those weeds and eliminated the trap.

Mebale stands at the front of a mountain range, of which Mount Elgon is the highest, 14,500 feet above the sea level. A friend took us for a ride around this section and

word from his master, or some petty quarrel with his wife, is sufficient to make him go to his hut and hang himself.

But in northern Kenya there lives a barbaric tribe whose customs are far more severe. Before he may take himself a wife, this tribesman must kill a lion single handed. He must be unaccompanied and must be armed only with a spear. When the lion charges him, he squats down, holds his spear at an angle by the side of his legs and receives the full charge of the lion on the spear. This procedure requires real nerve and it happens only too often that something goes amiss and the man is killed.

While going from Nairobi to Mombassa, we came across a veld called the Kapiti Plains. It is really a reserved forest in which we saw lions moving about like herds of cattle. Government has issued orders that none should cross that stretch unless in a closed machine. But we crossed on our bicycles, completely exposed. The lions evidently were not men eaters, for we were not molested once.

Once we came to a railroad station called SIMBA which means a lion. The station received this name for the following reason. It often happens that when the train approaches, three or four lions are sitting on the platform. The station-master, then, does not dare to leave his room but signals the train to pass the station. The train is then side-tracked a mile or so down the line and the passengers must wait until the signal that the station is clear is given and the train backs up to the depot.

TANGANYIKA Soon we reached Mombassa, which is the largest port of British East Africa, and made our way to Tanga, in Tanganyika Territory. We came across leopards three times. On the first occasion, three leopards were sitting in a group, growling and showing their teeth and we had to fire several revolver shots before they were scared away. In the afternoon a leopard jumped right over us and was lost in the tall grass. A third time, towards evening, we saw two glowing eyes in the bush and fired to see what kind of an animal was watching us. At the crack of the gun a leopard jumped up and in the twinkling of an eye was gone. We did not stop to see whether we had wounded or killed him but pedalled on at top speed.

Our readers may be interested to read of our experiences with those wild beasts on so many occasions and under varying conditions. We have learned that when a lion growls and howls, he will rarely attack. Whenever a lion roars it is a sign that his hunger has been appeased and he is feeling fine. When giving this matter a little thought it is evident that all the animals that are usually listed on a lion's menu stay discreetly out of range when the lion remains absolutely quiet.

We have, therefore, reached the conclusion that we were never attacked because we always happened to cross their paths at a time when the meal had just been served and when even dessert had already been finished. In any event we have been mighty fortunate.

From Tanga we took a boat and went to the island of Zanzibar. At the time we arrived there, a riot between the Arab Copra dealers and Government was in full swing. When the Arabs saw our uniforms they mistook us for government officers and wanted to attack us. Some of the Indian merchants, however, came to our rescue. They gave us shelter in one of their stores while others remonstrated with the Arabs and explained to them who we were. The Arabs finally left us and rushed to the post office, destroying it completely in the belief that they were wrecking the custom office. Had it not been for the assistance given to us by the Indian merchants, we would have lost our lives.

Our next stop was Dar-es-Salaam in Tanganyika Territory. This part of the country was at one time a German possession. The natives still vividly recall the times when they were under the German rule and repeatedly told us that at that time "the Germans had the Bible and we had the land, but since the English have taken over this territory, we have the Bible and they have the land." This is the same phrase the natives have so often used concerning the many so-called Christian missionaries.

Zanzibar is a very old town. The streets are so narrow that walking becomes a dangerous pastime. Every time a car comes along, the pedestrians have to hustle and squeeze themselves into the nearest house or hop into the nearest verandah to save themselves from being run over.

Dar-es-Salaam, by contrast, is a paradise. The neatly built houses face the well-laid out street, while the attractive

harbour of this little place is shaped much like a round face, with a narrow neck extending as an entrance for steamers.

During the world war the Germans, to whom Tanganyika then belonged, had blocked this small passage by sinking a floating bridge.

From Dar-es-Salaam we followed the narrow strip along the railroad track for almost 800 miles. This was an extremely dangerous procedure, for at many places the path was so narrow and dangerously slippery, that we repeatedly lost our wheel-hold and on numerous occasions we skidded down-hill, at times a distance of 100 feet, rolling over and over with our heavy bicycles. We narrowly avoided bad smash ups and personal injuries many a time.

Often we had to cross bridges and narrow tressels, half a mile in length. This was extremely dangerous and difficult, because in those instances we had to pack our heavy wheels and equipment on our shoulders and walk the "slippers" which were frequently from 2 to 3 feet apart. a mis-step would have meant a permanent good-bye. A few times it happened that we heard a train approaching while we were not yet across and then the speed with which we transported our clumsy loads would have made an ostrich green with envy.

On this stretch of road we broke at least a hundred spokes and two front axles, gave our wheels terrific punishment and jarred our bodies so thoroughly that our backs ached for days to come.

One evening we saw a rhinoceros at only a short distance from our path and we thanked God that the beast had not seen us.

We reached Ngerengere drenched to the skin after a veritable downpour, and here, in the market place, we saw the first native woman who had her lips, stretched since birth, until they had become as large as saucers.

Nearing Mikesse we passed through semi-cultivated country and saw heaps of mica dust covering the ground. Soon afterwards we entered the small town of Morogoro, reposing in the shade of a high mountain. Since there were many sisal and cotton estates nearby that are owned by the Germans and Greeks, we saw many Europeans among the inhabitants.

We left Morogoro by the old German road to Kilosa, which is situated on the lush, verdant slopes of a mountain. Here we saw many palm trees with their leaves eaten away by the locusts which had visited the country two years ago.

It rains a great deal in these parts so that the roads were often very muddy. The flies became a greater nuisance as we progressed. They very closely resemble the common house fly, but their sting is terrible and they are not easily shaken off.

The natives around Kikombo are still very primitive. They live high up in the mountains and come down to the Indian shops only on rare occasions to exchange their stock of milk, ghee, eggs and chickens for cloth, tobacco, salt or some little bauble or trinket.

At Dodoma we hit the Great North Road and travelling conditions improved considerably. Floods, however, detained us any number of times. Especially at the Ruaha river, the waters were so high that we were marooned for several days. Finally we decided to risk it again and continued into the plains. Lorries and trucks were stuck all along the road, some even actually swept away, but we had coolies to carry us across the bad parts and an excellent steel bridge further on enabled us to cross the Ruaha.

As we ascended a long, gradual escarpment and looked down below, it gave us the feeling as though looking down from an aeroplane. The wet heat of the plains disappeared in favour of a cool refreshing mountain breeze and once we reached the plateau, we cycled for many miles through an undulating countryside before we began the long, arduous climb to the village of Iringa, a beautifully situated health resort. After a day of hard cycling we spent the night on Sao Hill where it was very cold.

The next day we crossed endless fields covered with myriads of gorgeous flowers in full bloom and repeatedly we mistook huge clusters of a certain white bloom for tents. Feeding on these fragrant flowers were large and exquisitely coloured butterflies and bees of various types, while birds in brilliant plumage flew constantly beside us, as if bent on showing us the way. The climate, too, was pleasant, and we rode our wheels hard throughout the afternoon until, by evening, we came to a steep drift throughout which the Halali River flows.

After climbing many more tortuous hills, crossing a fast dangerous drift and across the Halali River and cutting our tyres to shreds on sharp, stony paths, we finally reached Mbeya, a pretty little village, that has come into existence only recently and boasts some well-built houses. Near it can be seen the Imperial Airways' new aerodrome and wireless station.

Between Mbeya and Chunia lies the Lupa gold field area and we were naturally interested in learning a little about gold-diggers and their work. We found the prospectors to be mostly a hard-working, happy-go-lucky lot. Government encourages gold prospectors and makes it easy for the men to begin work. A license costs about £3.00 in American money and an additional \$2.00 gives them the right to claim a piece of ground about 100 x 100 yards. Therefore it takes only a total of \$5.00 to be set up in the gold-digging business. Luck, of course, plays a great part in the finding of the precious metal, but hard work and perseverance help no less. It often happens that a man digs on his lot for months and has no results at all. Then, when he moves to a different territory, the man who takes over his former plot finds a worthwhile cache a day or so after taking over. That's all in the game. Once they do hit it rich, however, the majority of them spend it lavishly in drinking and carousing.

We continued for endless days, crossing sandy stretches through which we had to carry our wheels for miles at a time. Even when following railway tracks, the sand was deep and every step was slippery. When we were able to push the wheels, we almost burst our lungs.

A jungle, so dense that daylight never penetrated into its interior, was also on our itinerary and we again saw wild animals within a few feet of us any number of times. But the power of prayer is really very great, for they never molested us, in fact acted as though they did not see us. And there were we, three terrified trembling souls, almost within arms' length of the beasts—yet safe.

When we reached the next village, we sampled some real African hospitality. A poor man who saw us offered us his hut, built us a fire and turned the place over to us. We asked him to procure some food for us, if possible, for we were almost starved. So he disappeared and returned

almost instantly with a live chicken. He killed it and as he started to clean it, we pulled off our clothes to effect a refreshing change. We had not completed our toilet when our host entered with the chicken, dressed and broiled. We couldn't understand it, because five minutes earlier this chicken was still digging holes.

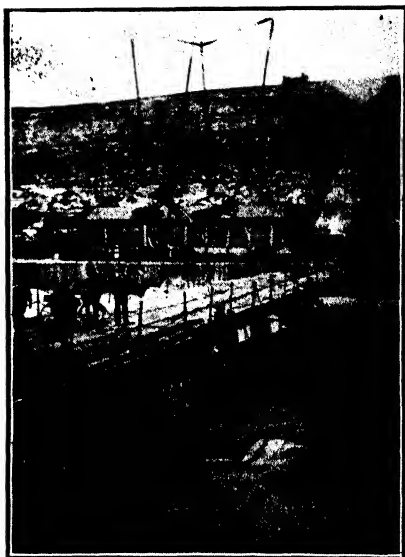
But we quickly learned that he had only superficially held it over the fire, for after we cut into the fowl, the blood ran out of it. We were so hungry, however, that we joined the darkey and ate the meat raw. We paid for it in a few days, though, for we broke out in a rash. But our main point of the story was this—that for a meagre twenty-five cents, our host supplies the chicken, gave us his hut for the night and stood guard at the door to ward off all danger from us.

The natives in these parts are all very polite and helpful to strangers. Once we offered a man his choice between a shilling and a cigarette. To our great astonishment he chose the cigarette although he could have bought himself 25 cigarettes for the shilling. But we learned that they consider it an honour to be handed a cigarette by a traveller.

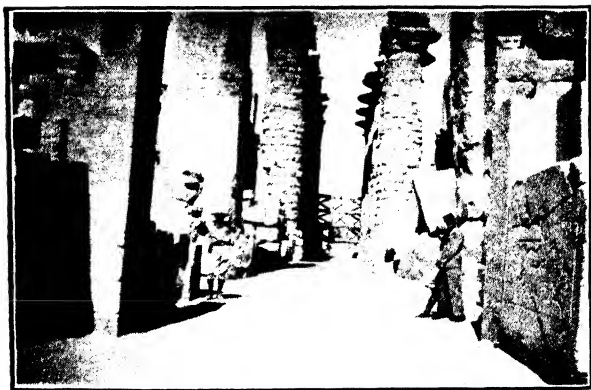
Near Beira, we were amused at a sign on a large sign-board which read "Beware of Portuguese Drivers and Wild Elephants."

RHODESIA WE continued through Southern Rhodesia to the capital, Salisbury, and visited the ancient ruins. Their origin seems to be unknown, although the guess is divided between the Persian, Indian and Egyptian. But it is our belief that all the three guesses are wrong because we found no architecture of that type in any of those countries.

From Salisbury we rode 84 miles out of our way to see the Senoa Caves. Until we were almost on top of them we could not see them, since they are underground and completely concealed. We entered and illuminated them with our flashlights. In one cave we found a pool known as the "Silent Pool." It is said to be about 280 feet deep. The water was so blue and looked so tempting, that we could not resist, so two of us took off our clothes and plunged into the cool refreshing waters. We swam the length and breadth of it repeatedly since it was not more than 100 yards long.



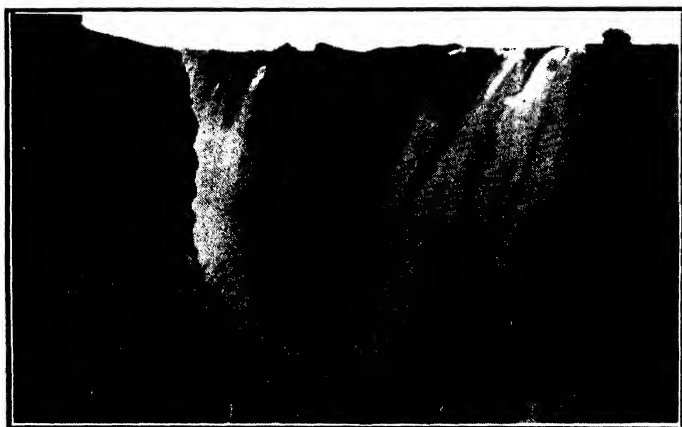
The cranes are lifting our cycles into the ferry, with the white cliffs of Dover standing in the rear. (*Details on page 33*)



The temples of Luxor some 500 miles from Cairo. The statues and obelisks are made from one piece of stone which was transported from Ashwan quarries which are 300 miles still further up the Nile. (*Details on page 42.*)



The roads were very muddy near the Lake Nyasa and we to drag our cycles for many miles. (*Details on page 52.*)



The main Victoria Falls. (*Details on page 55.*)

When we again stopped ashore, the horrified natives told us that we were the only people who ever swam in that pool, because there is a persistent superstition that a strong undercurrent would drag down anyone who would dare to attempt to swim there. Our little excursion proved the foolishness of this belief, but we thought it best not to say so.

It is said that the natives used these caves as a hide-out during the conquest of South Rhodesia by the British and the Dutch and they would never have been conquered had it not been for a treacherous native who betrayed their hiding place.

About 100 miles north of Lorenzo Marques we saw a unique dance in which only men participated. They would merely stamp the ground, never leaving their position, until after many hours, one of the exhausted participants was declared the winner. We asked the natives how they could declare him a winner when several other contestants were still active. We were told that in a prescribed period of time, this man had dug the deepest hole in the ground.

In a nearby village we beheld another queer dance. The people were dancing in a large circle constantly on the move. Every time they passed the one designated spot, they would bend over, pick up some little object from the ground and put it into their mouth. We were curious and so joined their circle. One of us did as the native did, stooped over and picked up the little object from the ground. But hardly had he done so when he let out a piercing yell. He had picked up a large red ant and for hours afterwards, he was still scratching a very inflamed, burning spot. To the natives, these ants are a delicacy.

On the top of a nearby mountain, we visited the grave of Rhodes, the discoverer of Rhodesia. It had been his wish to be buried on this high and very lovely place in the land he discovered and had learned to love.

We now made a tour of 350 miles to Bulawayo and returned to see the famous Victoria Falls. The roads were bad, long sandy stretches and rock-strewn portions interchanging with grassy, reedy sections. But the sight that greeted us was worth all the effort we expended. The Victoria Falls are said to be one of the broadest falls on the earth, being a mile and a half across and having a sheer

drop of 411 feet. For miles around, a virgin forest enchants the bewildered tourist with its grandeur, and if a person is fortunate enough to see the falls at midnight, he will be held spellbound by a Lunar bow that defies description. It much resembles a rainbow as we know it in other parts of the world, but when this bow hovers over the silvery waters as they cascade thunderously into the gaping depths, it presents a never-to-be-forgotten picture of unbelievable beauty and charm.

Upon our return to Mbeya we bade our friends good-bye and left for Tukuyu, a flourishing district from which great quantities of maize, grain and coffee are exported. The climate in Tukuyu during the rainy season is constantly misty and damp and the sun rarely shines.

The custom with the womenfolk here is to go about entirely naked with only a narrow belt around their waists from which dangles a small piece of leather. Until they reach the stage of motherhood, these women are beautifully formed, but after their first child is born, they rapidly lose all attractiveness and in later years are often downright ugly.

Pine trees are plentiful in this part of the country and the air is sweet and scented. In a thick fog and rain, we started from Tukuyu and began our perilous descent. At times the road was so slippery that we had to dismount and walk, but whenever we found dry stretches, we made wonderful time by merely letting the wheels roll, for our entire distance to Mbeya was down hill. The last ten miles were terrible, however, for we had to ford through waist deep water because of the overflow of the Kibera river. The banana trees and the huts were all inundated so that the natives had been forced to make rafts from tree trunks on which to sleep and eat.

At Mbeya we completed our trip through British East Africa after visiting almost every nook and corner of it on our wheels.

We are very proud of the Indians in Uganda, Kenya, Zanzibar and Tanganyika who have played such a prominent part in the development and civilization of this vast country. Without their hospitality, we would have been obliged to undergo far greater hardships and discomforts and would have incurred a far greater expense. Their

unfailing kindness and generous support have indebted us to them forever.

The reception that was given us throughout Rhodesia was so fine that we hated to leave its hospitality, but our trip was the main thing and we had to press on. So we left the borders of Southern Rhodesia, and crossed into Transvaal, the richest Province in the Union, where the most important town is Johannesburg.

TRANSVAAL Crossing the Custom and Immigration Post of South Rhodesia, we were cycling down a steep grade at a very rapid speed when Ghandi suddenly began to sway and before he was able to stop or even slow down, his front fork broke off near the gear and Ghandi fell heavily to the ground. Kharas, who was right at his heels, could not swerve out of the way and piled upon the fallen partner. This mishap occurred within sight of the immigration station and many people observed it and ran to our aid. Fortunately no bones were broken although Ghandi was severely bruised and his body badly shaken. An immigration officer kindly loaned us a wheel and advised us to proceed quickly to the South African Immigration Post which was only a few miles away in order to get our necessary permits for our South African crossing, and then to return hurriedly so that one of us might catch the 9 o'clock train to Messina where he could get the fork re-welded. The remaining two followed slowly with the broken cycle and the baggage.

Before we were allowed to cross the Beit Bridge into Transvaal we had to dip our wheels into a huge tank filled with a specially prepared solution which was intended to kill all the germs of the foot and mouth disease. We were thankful that they did not ask us to jump in also.

At the Immigration Post we found Ghandi in a hot argument with the man in charge over the latter's insistence that we should have our fingerprints taken. We objected strenuously because it made us feel as though we were being looked upon as criminals, but it seemed to be law and we had to submit. The procedure took so much time, however, that Ghandi missed his train to Messina. But he was fortunate enough to get a ride soon after with a man who was driving there.

Two young men on Enfield wheels had started on an African tour with the intention of touring Europe. Money shortage had forced them temporarily to abandon this trip at Messina, until some of their wealth had been recouped. It so happened that one of these two men was employed at the garage to which we had come for repairs. Our newly found friends invited us to spend the night at their room and we passed many interesting hours exchanging news and experiences.

The farmers in this country are said to be the best cared for people in the world, for government supplies them with free land, cattle, one wagon, and in many instances either greatly reduces their taxes or even cancels them entirely. Their children (and they are numerous) government provides with free elementary schooling and even furnishes buses that take them to school and bring them home at night. The trader and businessman is made to shoulder most of the tax burden.

The Indians in this part of Africa are very diligent and thrifty so that they often give an appearance of at least some degree of affluence, but unlike the Jews who are always willing to aid a fellow-Jew, these Indians are lone wolves. Their lot could be much easier and pleasanter were they to help each other more and form cliques or band together for the common good.

On the other side of the mountain lies the prosperous little town of Louis Pritchard, situated near the Kruger National Park, a much talked-of place we did not want to miss. A Mr. Jadhawji, a wealthy Koja merchant, oblingingly took us there in his car, for people are not permitted in the park on cycles or on foot. We entered exactly at 6 a.m. after we had obtained our permits at the Pont Maria Hotel.

This park is really a game preserve, about 300 miles long, and in a closed machine we were permitted to wander around it at will, provided we left it again before the sun set. For the first 20 miles we saw no animals, but soon after herds of thirty or more springboks, deer of all kinds, and zebras made their appearance while standing apart, steadily looking at us with a fierce stare, stood a wild bull. Everywhere were signs cautioning people not to leave their cars or to frighten the animals.

None of the animals were frightened in the least, but merely stood stock still and looked us over, enabling us to get many good snapshots. We ate our lunch by the side of a winding river which seemed overcrowded with crocodiles of which many were basking in the sun.

On our way out of the preserve, we eagerly looked for some lions or wild elephants, which often seek shelter there, but saw no signs of any. This game preserve is a blessing to Africa's wild life and great numbers of wild beasts of all kinds take refuge there from the hunter's rifle.

From here we travelled for many seemingly endless days through a barren country, resting at night at the homes of the friendly Indians. In this way we left Petersburg, Potgietersrust and Mylstron behind us and cycled on to Pretoria, after bathing in the war, sulphur springs of Nylstron.

Pretoria is government's summer capital and the joint capital with Capetown of the Union of South Africa. Here we met the Prime Minister, Mr. Hertzog; the Minister of Justice, General Smutts; and the Minister of the Interior, Mr. Hofmeyer. They have their offices in the Union Buildings which are built of yellow stone in the oriental style and are the most picturesque buildings in the whole of South Africa. From the Union Buildings, we went to the Government House where we were granted an interview with the Governor General, the Earl of Clarendon. Everyone was very kind to us and the Governor even stepped into the garden to have his picture taken with us.

We were kept busy in Pretoria for several days taking in the sights which included 1) The Transvaal Museum, in which we saw a large variety of stuffed animals and models of big gold nuggets that had been found long ago; 2) President Kruger's House, which is now a museum. It is modest in dimensions and reveals the simple taste of this great man. Many of his belongings had been looted by soldiers during the Boer War, but his personal property and some of the furniture that he had with him during his exile in Switzerland have been transferred to his old home and preserved. Near his house is the old European cemetery where his remains lie since they were brought over from Switzerland; 3) The Royal Mint, which is worth a visit if for no other reason than to observe the infinite care that is taken

to recover the tiniest particle of gold which might be lost in the striking of the coins. Every day the sweepings from the room are gathered and melted anew to regain the small specks of silver and other precious metals.

Johannesburg, which reached over a fine tar road that is lined on both sides by poplar trees, is a very prosperous town. Tall skyscrapers pierce the sky and mountain-high mine-dumps cluster round the landscape. While we were there, Johannesburg celebrated its Golden Jubilee. Owing to the gold boom, the town has been built up rapidly and on a large scale, having fine theatres, hotels and business institutions, and its traffic compares favourably with that of any other large city.

We were welcomed right on the outskirts by a large group of boy scouts who met us on their wheels and escorted us to the city hall for an audience with the Mayor. After the welcome address, the garlanding and the Parsee ceremony of breaking the cocoanut and the egg, we were taken to the house of the Secretary of the Parsee Transvaal Anjuman.

Many Indians live in Johannesburg. They have not forgotten their mother-tongue nor has the long absence lessened their love for their home-land. They do not marry outside their religion and they teach their children the mother-tongue and the many stories and legends of India. The Mohammedan, however, is not so concerned about returning. He intermarries generally with a Malay or a coloured woman and his children learn nothing of India nor of its language.

ORANGE FREE STATE Heavy traffic along the roads we had traversed up till now had thrown up such heavy clouds of dust that our eyes were constantly smarting, but once we had passed Pochestroom, the line of cars thinned down and soon we were again the only travellers on the road. Thus we quickly passed Klerksdorp, Potchestroom, Walmaranstad, Bloemhof and Christiana. At Bloemhof we saw a few of the alluvial diamond diggers in town trying to sell thin unpolished and uncut stones. These resemble glass or crystal and are valued according to tinge, the bluish ones being superior to the yellowish.

Kimberley, once flourishing, has now fallen behind Johannesburg and Cape Town because of the slump in diamond mining. But it still boasts the largest man-made hole on earth from which vast fortunes in diamonds have been taken in the past decades. It is now partially filled with water and a nearby breakwater constantly threatens the walls. A visit to De Beers office was very interesting. We were shown heaps of raw diamonds and buckets-full of stones worth millions, all graded according to their quality and size.

We left Kimberley and continued towards the coast through Eastern Transvaal. We passed through fragrant forests of pine and oak trees, and the verdant meadows and plains in our path all showed signs of recent rains. The air was balmy and fresh and we enjoyed every minute of this ride. Stores in this country are owned by Surti Bories from India who themselves are great eaters and who likewise enjoy being hospitable, so we never lacked food or shelter.

At Barberton we joined a party of Madrassee men and women on a 30 mile drive to Nilespruit, and saw the vast lemon and citron groves which extend for many miles. The huge estates of Messrs. L. Hall and Sons were also pointed out to us. These people are the biggest exporters of oranges to India. On our return to Barberton we delivered a lecture to a packed house at the Municipal Committee Room.

PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA The stretch to Kamatiport was very difficult. A wash-out had occurred and we often carried our wheels through deep water and mud. Crossing the wide and fast flowing Kamati River was a risky job and our lives were frequently in danger. The waters had risen about four feet above the drift and every step could have proved fatal. We succeeded in making the crossing, however, and after we had passed the Union's Custom and Immigratoins Post without trouble, we entered the Portuguese East Africa at Rosseno Garcia without any further delay.

The stores in this town interested us not a little. They are always a combination of a general store and a liquor den. On one side all life's essentials as well as dry goods, hardware, furniture and so forth may be purchased, in another part of the store, tables and chairs are set aside for drinking parties.

Wine is sold in bottles only and since a native never drinks by himself, a curious custom has developed. One person buys a bottle and goes to his chair. Immediately eager parasites crowd around him and wait for a hand-out. The buyer pours the wine into a glass and passes it round, giving each person the same glass but filled to varying degrees according to his rating of the donee. Whatever remains in the bottle, he drinks himself. The women seem to be able to drink as much as the men, and we wondered what the relatives of these Indian merchants, in India, would have thought, had they observed them selling strong drinks to the African natives, for in India they would have been denied even the privilege of smelling liquor.

The imports in this section come mostly from Portugal and not from Japan as is the case in many parts of Africa.

The road to the coast was none too good and when we stayed overnight in Boane, because of the pressing invitations of Noamba merchants, we almost lost our friend Kharas on account of the resultant happenings.

On this day occurred one of the most terrifying incidents of our entire trip so far. We came so close to losing one of our trio that we still shudder when we think of it.

It happened while we were going from Momba in Portuguese East Africa to Lorenzo Marques. The evening before we started it had begun to rain and our Indian friends had warned us not to undertake this part of our trip under such weather conditions. But we disregarded their advice and left because we had a lecture appointment in Lorenzo Marques and wanted to reach the place in time. Soon after we started, the roads were already running with water and it was a matter of only a few hours when every road was completely submerged; in fact the whole countryside seemed inundated and we had difficulty in keeping our direction. Soon we came to a drift which we crossed waist-deep in water. Then two more in rapid succession, which we also succeeded in fording without much trouble, although a false step would most likely have proved fatal. Our success made us foolhardy, and consequently a little careless; and instead of turning back while there was still time, we plunged on, and then it happened. We had waited for about an hour at the last drift because of the great rush of water, when we noticed a native attempt the crossing. We watched him succeed in his hazardous task and

then decided to try it ourselves. Two of us grabbed one bicycle and, balancing it shoulder high, we slid into the drift and slowly and carefully felt our way along the concrete bottom. Near the opposite bank we noticed that the rush of the water had ripped open a huge seam in the concrete and a fast eddy had formed that proved difficult to pass. But we finally reached the opposite side, laid the machine down and prepared to go back for the second bicycle, when we noticed that our friend Khras, instead of waiting for our assistance, had already started out shouldering the heavy machine with the aid of a native whom he had hailed. The next moment we shall never forget. They unfortunately did not notice the eddy stepped into it, one of the two lost his footing and in the next instant our friend, the native, and the bicycle had been swallowed up by the whirling stream. For a moment we were too horror-struck even to cry out, and the short succeeding seconds of anguish seemed to drag along as years. We were about ready to give them up as lost when to our great delight we saw two heads bob up and down on the seething foam, we saw them being rapidly carried towards the open waters and then, as if by a miracle, we saw them extend their arms and reach for and grasp a protruding thorn bush. They hung on in spite of lacerated palms and fingers until we managed to reach them and pull them to safety.

The bicycle we gave up as lost but did not even mind it so much since our pal had been returned to us safely. So two of us mounted one machine, and the third one the other bicycle and in that manner we continued till we reached yet another drift. The current in this basin was even stronger and faster than the one we had just crossed and we decided not to tempt fate twice in one day. Since it became impossible to proceed further, we decided to spend a few hours in an attempt to retrieve the lost machine. So we returned to the drift in which it had been lost and waited there for several hours. Finally the waters subsided sufficiently for us to enter the drift once more and make a search without endangering ourselves too greatly. Imagine our relief and joy when we located the lost bicycle near the other shore. To reach and to salvage it was no easy matter but we finally succeeded and were thrilled to notice that no real damage had been done to this well built machine. Hats off, ladies and gentlemen, to the Royal Enfield.

Weary and hungry by now we set out again, this time each on his own wheel, until we once more reached the drift that had been too swift for us several hours before. By now it had subsided sufficiently for us to dare a crossing and we succeeded, this time taking the utmost care. We hoped that this would be our last obstacle so you can imagine our disgust, when only a mile further we saw two drifts side by side, running parallel as far as we could see. We were near exhaustion and decided to stay at a small native hut nearby. The lone native advised us that a European family was stranded on the narrow strip of land between the two drifts, and a steady downpour was again causing those drifts to swell up with the possibility of overflowing that land which was not as high as the stretch we were on. Unfortunately it was dark by now and visibility was poor. We didn't know what to do under the circumstances, so, as long as they were in no immediate danger, we ate of the food proffered us and then enjoyed a much needed sleep. We were up before day-break, however, and a steady all night rain had turned the drifts into a maelstrom. Immediate action was necessary to save the family from being washed away. After numerous methods had been considered, it was finally decided to attempt to swim the whirlpool and carry a rope across. This could then be attached to trees on both sides and the family transferred on our backs. One of us then undertook this feat and started out. Although the drift was only a narrow one, about 20 yards wide, our friend landed 200 yards further down on the opposite side, worn out by the effort. The rope was then tied securely and the actual rescue began. The family, consisting of a young couple, their six-month old daughter and a native nurse, were scared to death. The nurse, who had comforted them throughout the night, was the bravest by far. The most difficult part of the rescue was the safe carrying of the infant, but we succeeded at last and brought them all ashore.

We hoped that someone would pass soon and take the family to the nearest town, but we saw no one. So we were marooned at this spot for three days, when finally we saw a car approach, driven by some Portuguese boys. In order to reach the car we had to ford both the drifts once more, and although the water was not nearly as swift and relentless as during our first crossing, nevertheless it was still a task and we had the double labour of carrying the family and the nurse,

and then once again repeating the trip with our bicycles. But at last everybody was safe, the family piled into the machine and we mounted our wheels and eventually reached Boone, where we celebrated the rescue with a bottle of Portuguese wine.

Because of heavy rains, the country had been turned into a great lake and we had to wade through most parts in knee-deep water, cross fast flowing drifts where footholds were hard to obtain, and spend three days and nights with little food and no shelter until we reached Lorenzo Marques.

This town is beautifully situated on a hill-side that gently slopes towards the sea. The houses are attractive and well built, the consulates and the stately Palona Hotel form a charming group, and the business sections located near the harbour teem with visitors from the interior whose multi-hued attire enhances an already attractive setting. In the museum, the stuffed animals are all arranged as they appear in real life, hunting for food, stalking prey or climbing trees.

Chenchai, our next destination, we reached by means of a narrow gauge railway and by bus. These big Thornycrofts carry from 30 to 40 passengers, crammed to the roof. It was a five-hour trip during which two rivers had to be crossed by a ferry. Near Incomati we saw the big sugar refineries that bear the name of that river and we passed through miles of sugar-cane fields. We finally crossed the Limpopo river and reached Chenchai, tired and hungry.

Mosquitoes in this section make life unbearable and we pitied the many men and boys who were employed or lived here. To go to sleep without absolute protection through either mesh, wire-net or cloth, was out of the question.

On Sunday afternoon we witnessed a tribal dance, for which the women supplied the music by lolling and wagging their tongues and then making a peculiar clicking sound. This continued for hours until the dancers finally fell to the ground in utter exhaustion.

Our way now led through Swaziland and Zululand and on this road we encountered once again a long barren stretch that caused us no end of suffering. Due to the terrific heat, our water was soon gone and our lips were parched. After many horrible hours, we finally persuaded a man who passed us in a rickety old machine to give us a little water out of his radiator. The water was hot and had a strong gasoline

taste, but we were grateful for even that drink. We reached Stegi by night, quickly passed the Swaziland Custom Post and were directed to a hotel.

It was Christmas eve, but we were too tired to participate in any festivities, so we retired at once and soon the dance music from the inclosure lulled us to sleep.

The next day we continued across the torrid veld and another day of suffering was added to our already lengthy list. To add to our misery, Kharas broke his front axle and we were laid up until we could effect a change. We quenched our thirst that day with the dirty water from the native huts. The European toll keeper at the Usutu river saved the day for us when he graciously turned his guest room over to us for the night.

The unbearable heat of the past days caused us to change our route. Instead of continuing through Zululand, we now cycled inwards towards Transvaal. A long climb was ahead of us but because of the gradual rise, we were able finally to leave the stickiness of the fever-ridden veld behind us. A short stop at Kubuta with a Canadian store-owner, and a rest at Klatikulu refreshed us sufficiently and we continued to Mahamba.

Near Vryheid, Ghandi cycled into a frightened calf while he was racing down a swift drift. He almost broke his little finger, was shaken up severely and his wheel had to be overhauled.

The roads were getting a little better now and we increased our speed, passing in quick succession Northern Natal the Noteingham Road and Howick. At the latter place we stopped long enough to view the Howick Falls which drop in one fall from a height of 365 feet. Then on to Pietermaritzburg, where Mr. Pile, Vice-President of the Colonial Born and Indian Settlers' Association, took us in his car to a place called Otto's Bluff where the British Gaumont Film Co. was making the famous film called King Solomon's Mines. The place was barred and we could not enter, but we saw many Zulu chiefs and their native subjects. From a high mountain nearby, called the World's View, can be seen a wonderful panorama of Pietermaritzburg and the extensive mountain range beyond which lies the Indian Ocean.

Fifty-three miles of cycling through hilly country brought us to Durban, where we once again were met by a group of

scouts who greeted us and guided us to the Neville Castle of the renowned Parsee, Mr. Sorabjee Rustomjee. Our reception in Durban far excelled even our wildest dreams. The mayor and his entourage overwhelmed us with favours. A film, made of the officials and ourselves during the many ceremonial functions and parades, was later shown throughout South Africa by the African Consolidated Theatres, and we derived much publicity for the remainder of our trip. The garlands with which we were presented, were so beautiful and rich that we actually stood buried underneath their splendour and weight.

While cycling through the streets of Durban, the Natal Muslim Youth's Brigade, with band playing, escorted us to the "New India House."

At the Durban beach on the following Sunday, the Durban Indian Life Saving Club entertained us, and two of us joined in several of their swimming races.

In Phoenix we visited the Press which Mahatma Gandhi founded when he was in South Africa to voice the grievances of the Indians in this country.

Our leave-taking from the Royal Cinema at Durban was hard for us. We had been entertained royally by true friends, especially our Parsee friends—Sorabji and Jalbhoy Rustomji. The former presented us with a munificent purse collected from among his many friends and with three beautiful gold medals with the coat of arms of Durban embossed on them. Our friends followed us in their car for a distance of 20 miles before we could finally persuade them to return. Among these well-wishers was in particular Nariman Adajania who was profuse in his expressions of gratefulness because Ghandi and Shroff had saved his life from a watery grave during our earlier stay in Durban. On February 21, 1937, a Sunday, while swimming at the Durban Beach, South Africa, we heard a shout from the shore and thought that it was a warning cry, possibly because someone had seen sharks which frequently infest these waters. So without waiting for details we hurriedly swam for the shore. But our flight had been futile, the people had tried to tell us that a non-swimmer was being carried out by an undercurrent, so we had to swim out once more, this time tired out from the fast sprint to the shore. We succeeded in reaching the young man, but found that we had a real job on our hands. A drowning person is often hard

to handle, especially when panicky and this one was no exception. He struggled desperately and always tried to cling to us so that we had a tough time trying to subdue him. But we finally got him into position so that one of us towed him while the other pushed. It took us about ten minutes to land him through, because of a strong side wash which is peculiar to this part of the ocean. He was half conscious and we had to revive him without any regular equipment. Fortunately he responded and another life had been saved.

How lucky we were to get him, can be seen from the fact that a lifeguard, attempting to bring in a drowning Norwegian boy the next day, at the same place, failed, and the youngster was drowned.

As long as we live, we shall never forget our stay and friends in Durban.

Now we pressed on hurriedly. We crossed several mountain ranges, crossed the Umtamvuma river, left Natal behind us and came into Pondoland.

At Mount Frere we gave our first lecture since Durban and then cycled on to Umtata, the capital of Transkai.

The Natives in these parts are not physically as strong as the Zulus nor as weak and bony as those of the Sudan. Their skin colour is a little lighter and the women look reddish-brown. They wrap themselves up in a single long sheet of reddish yellow cloth, and, like the Sadhus and Fakirs of India, smear their faces with ashes and yellow powder.

Passing Idutywa the road was full of ditches, and Kharas, falling into one of them, ripped a tube, and since he was going too fast to pull up short, he plunged into a second ditch and bent his rim. So we had to entrain for East London where we had the damage repaired.

Across the Buffalo river, there is the eleven-mile Grand Prix Course where yearly the great auto and motor-cycle races are held.

We sped on through Grahamstown, the city of saints, and reached Port Elizabeth where are located the huge factories of General Motors, Ford, Firestone Tyres and the Edward's Boot and Shoe Factory.

Again we left hurriedly and cycled over bad and indifferent roads, and passed numerous orchards in which trees were heavily laden with apples, pears and pomegranates.

The rough descent down the nine-mile Montague Pass in darkness was very difficult and tricky and we were happy and relieved when we reached George village.

From here we rode to the Congo Caves. They are electrically illuminated and are separated into various chambers that have names such as the Bridal Chamber, the Reception Hall, the Devil's Work Shop, and the Devil's Chimney. All the entrances are narrow and low, so that we had to stoop and, on occasions, even crawl on all fours. The effect on the interior obtained by playing the electric lights on the walls is gorgeous, and the effort is really worth while.

At Mossel Bay, our next stop, we rested for a few days before continuing our last stretch to Cape Town.

CAPE COLONY Beautiful scenery, green meadows, fruit trees and mountain streams running across the road, very often delighted us as we came into Worcester. We cycled up a long gradual incline to Bains Kloof and then down for many miles to Paarl. As we neared Cape Town, traffic became heavier and soon we entered the suburbs. When we finally saw the Table Mountain, which is a landmark for all incoming steamers, we felt that at last our perilous journey through Africa had come to an end.

There are few places in the world that can excel Cape Town in natural beauty. It lies serenely at the foot of the Table Mountain and is guarded by the twelve apostles (twelve peaks in a range of which the Table Mountain is an integral part). The climate is excellent and we took advantage of it by making extensive motor tours, one to Cape Point, a narrow strip of land that juts far out into the sea and is washed on one side by the Atlantic and on the other side by the Indian Ocean. For it is at this point that these two oceans meet and right on their junction a long silvery line is visible.

The clay and plaster figures of the Hottentots in the Cape Town Museum interested us immensely, for they are so wonderfully fashioned that they appear life like.

Another beauty spot is the Rhodes Memorial. We approached this after a drive along the streets lined on both sides with tall poplar trees and green meadows, that reached far up on the mountain sides. The Memorial faces north and the statue of Rhodes sits as though ever contemplating the vast kingdom he conquered and which bears his name.

Our reception and treatment in Cape Town was indeed genuine and we enjoyed many happy days, being invited to parties and social functions of all sorts almost every evening. Now that the days drew near for us to leave Africa, the hardships and sufferings were already almost forgotten and a lump formed in our throats as we remembered only the kindness and the many acts of friendliness and assistance that fell to our lot during our long trek across Africa. Permit us to thank especially our Indian friends, throughout this vast continent, who helped us immensely time and again and who enabled us to complete this hazardous trip which might have ended in failure without their kindly aid.

In Africa alone we have given several hundred lectures before Indian, European and many other nationalities and have attempted to bring India and Africa a little closer by creating a feeling of better understanding between the two great nations.

By travelling on bicycles we have shown to the world what can be achieved by physical energy in days, when mechanical transport has almost completely replaced leg-power.

SOUTH AMERICA

Late in the afternoon the S.S. "Arabia Maru" was headed out of Cape Town harbour and our long fifteen-day voyage across the South Atlantic began. As the harbour was left behind, Cape Town presented a very lovely sight, being flooded with electric lights, which as the distance increased, became tiny stars twinkling through the darkness. We stayed on deck for a long time in the hope that the mist might rise and grant us one last glimpse of the Table Mountain, but our wish was not fulfilled, and since it was cold outside we retired to our large cabin of twenty berths of which we were the only occupants.

Travelling third class with us in another cabin were five Japanese passengers, three men and two women. Although there were separate bathrooms and toilets for ladies, the two young Japanese women insisted on using the men's section, so every morning, while we were brushing our teeth, we saw reflected in the mirror the two Japanese women brushing their hair.

The sea was very rough, only very few of the first class passengers ventured out on the deck, being either seasick or else preferring the warmth of their cabins. The surface of the turbulent ocean suggested the idea of a mountainous country and the boat rolled dangerously from side to side, its timbers creaking and its mighty engines puffing and throbbing in an unbroken monotony.

In the afternoons we heard some Japanese records being played over the radio. It was a mellow, soothing music and we enjoyed it very much. During the day we amused ourselves by reading the news bulletin, which dealt almost exclusively with the events concerning the Coronation, and the posting of the ship's log, which daily kept us informed as to our position at sea.

Five days after leaving Cape Town, we passed the Meridian and covered about 700 miles. The sea calmed down considerably and we joined other passengers in a game of deck golf. The evenings we passed either viewing a movie or entertaining our fellow passengers with a bag of tricks and Indian jugglery that seemed both to amuse and puzzle them.

On May 26, 1937, we overtook a small German freighter, and then saw for the first time, the coastline on the

northern banks of the mainland of South America. The colour of the water changed, so that we knew that we were close to the mouth of a river. The next morning, there was a bustle and hubbub that kept the passengers thoroughly excited, and everybody was hustling around trying to get their things together for the afternoon landing. The cranes that had been idle and silent for so long began to work, the gang-planks were lowered, and at the quarantine station, which is 30 kilometres from the docks, the boat stopped to pick up the doctor. The ship's crew were first examined, then the third class passengers and lastly the first class passengers. The examination was quick and snappy—merely a feeling of the pulse.

The river was crowded with liners and cargo-boats, either coming or leaving. While still quite a distance from the wharf, the engines were stopped and the tugs took over. Unfortunately the main hawser snapped and the huge boat drifted straight for the pier. But two anchors were instantly dropped overboard and another coiled rope was attached to the pier as a bumper. A serious accident was thus averted, the impact being cushioned effectively.

ARGENTINA—Buenos Ayres On landing at Buenos Ayres we had to leave our cycles and fire-arms at the customs. We felt strange and lonely, walking through the streets of this big city, for we knew nobody and nobody seemed to care to know us. We stood for a long time admiring the huge electric signs that changed colours continuously and projected scene after scene in endless variety. In the Plaza Martin, we saw a thirty-four story skyscraper, the tallest building we had seen up to that time, and a little later we inspected the sub-way that criss-crossed the city.

We were disappointed in the tram and bus service. The coaches were very old and rickety and therefore very uncomfortable, giving the passengers a good shaking up. We also found the publicity bureau to be very inactive and asleep on the job, for there were no signs or inducements anywhere for tourists to come to the city, and there were no pamphlets or street guides and maps available at any tourist office. It was therefore difficult for us to find our way about.

Laws in Buenos Ayres are lax indeed, very few restrictions being enforced on anyone. For example, during the rush hour,

no effort is made to prevent people from hanging on to the exterior of trams and buses. Motorists race one another on either side and no robots or policemen direct traffic at intersections. Streets are filthy and no attempt is made to conduct a thorough cleaning.

One Mr. Vijoyamanda was the only Indian we met during our stay here, most of the Indians who formerly lived here having either departed for other countries or else moved into the interior to find work in the fields.

Before receiving our visas for Brazil, we had to submit to many formalities that seemed harsh and unnecessary, compared to the customary forms of procedure in the Orient, Europe and Africa. But they were mild compared to those we had to submit to as we proceeded northward. Thanks to the intervention of the British Minister's secretary, we were able to iron out all our difficulties, to get our passports okayed and to book our passage on the S.S. "Santos Maru" since we found it impossible to go by road to Brazil during the winter months.

We had some time to spend before boarding the boat, so we rode to a little town called La Plata which is famous because of its historical museum. A tour through this museum interested us very much, for here we saw the skeletons of some huge extinct sea monsters, so enormous that it would be impossible to get more than one at a time into a very large room. This museum is said to be the only one in the world where such skeletons are displayed.

On June 10, 1937, we said good-bye to Buenos Ayres and boarded the S.S. "Santos Maru." We stopped for three days at Santos to pick up passengers and cargo. Santos is a quiet little town, surrounded on all sides by high mountains and is green with vegetation. Because of the great heat, we preferred to remain on deck most of the time and passed the time watching the men load coffee and cotton into the ship's hold.

The cotton is pressed into bales weighing about 180 kilos each. Three or four bales are lifted at one time by powerful cranes from the railway cars, and are deposited on the deck from where the boat's cranes lift them up and lower them into the hold. The coffee bags are transferred by an ingeniously built crane. The bags are placed on an endless chain conveyor, raised up to the deck, and from there lowered

into the hold on another endless belt, where men arrange and stack them.

In addition to all this cargo, 120 poorly dressed Japanese passengers boarded the boat. Most of them seemed to be farmers, some were blind, some crippled and many seemed to suffer from diseases. All were bound for San Paulo to work in the cotton and coffee fields of a Japanese colony. At midnight, we sailed from Santos and in the morning were once again on the high seas.

BRAZIL—Rio de Janeiro

We had been on the seas a week. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the boat smoothly sailed through the picturesque entrance, into the land-locked harbour of Rio de Janeiro. Jutting far out into the ocean were the high mountains covered with green vegetation. Entering the Bay of Guarabara, the anchor was dropped and the doctor and the police and immigration authorities boarded the ship. We passed the customs without trouble and this time entered a paradise where we found many friends and where the newspapers, too, were kind to us and gave us the publicity so necessary for the successful arranging of lectures.

Rio de Janeiro is the capital of Brazil with an area of 60 square miles. It is guarded on one side of the harbour by Sugar Loaf, the famous granite cone which rises perpendicularly almost from the housetops to a height of 1,100 feet. On the other side stands the rugged peak of Cercovado—the hunchback mountain on which, at an altitude of 2,300 feet, stands the imposing statue of Christ. The statue is 100 feet high and was erected in 1932. It is built of mortar and cement and in many places there can be seen the bullet marks inflicted by the vandals. At night it is illuminated by flood lights and looks very majestic when seen from the city. Further in the distance are the Organ Mountains with the Ginger of God.

In panoramic beauty and in colouring there is no other city that can compare with Rio de Janeiro. Through the kindness of the President of the Brazilian Tourist Club, we not only were given free tickets to go up to the top of Cercovado and the Sugar Loaf, but an English speaking guide was also sent along to help us enjoy the sights of Rio de Janeiro in a manner that would have been impossible had we been alone.

To reach the top of Cercovado, we took a bus which dropped us at Painerias station. From there the cogwheel railroad took us right up to the top. We passed through dense tropical forests, but were occasionally able to get a glimpse of the city and the ocean. Within one hour, the statue of Christ was reached, and the view we beheld was so magnificent that involuntary exclamations of delight and wonder escaped from our lips and those of our fellow passengers.

To get to the Sugar Loaf we drove through the Avenida Rio Branco, the most beautiful main artery in Rio de Janeiro, which, commencing at the Tourist Club of Brazil and the Pier, runs through the heart of the city, until, at its other end, it merges with the beautiful Marine Drive which leads to Cofocabana Beach. Banks, consulates, shipping companies and large stores are situated on this Avenida. At Praira Vermelba (Lower station), we got into a cable car to ascend the Sugar Loaf. This journey was made in two stages. The first cable railway took us to the Urca Station about 500 feet up and the second cable car then took us to the top of the cone. As we ascended we saw a glorious, ever-changing panorama of the city and the harbour. When the top was finally reached we gazed from a height of 1,100 feet at the magnificent and fascinating harbour of Rio de Janeiro.

At the top we got out to see the view set behind the hills and to watch an enchanting moon rise out of the ocean. There cannot be another spot on earth where one can watch the passing of day into night or see a full moon rise in all its shimmering splendour better than from the top of this majestic cone. As the city lights were lit, one by one, they shone and twinkled like so many stars, while the moon, now well up in the sky, divided with its silvery ribbon the placid waters of the bay.

On Sundays, the Cofocabana Beach becomes alive with thousands of bathers and picnickers. This splendid beach can be reached from the city by skirting the Flamingo Bay and then cutting through the Praca Paris, a square of green lawns with well trimmed trees, superb playing fountains and pretty paths, paved with pebbles and shells in many fancy patterns.

Rio de Janeiro abounds in lovely cafés where seemingly all the people of the city congregate at all times to sit and sip the finest coffee in the world. The quaint charming music

that softly serenades the guests makes these little coffee-siestas a never-ending delight.

The omnibuses and trams are not very modern but fairly comfortable, and the fares are perhaps the lowest anywhere. Only the method of collection was new to us. They never ask for your money until you alight and then the money is to be dropped into a box with glass sides placed next to the driver. We presented a note and when we received the change, left the car under the impression that the driver had already taken out the fare. This was naturally embarrassing to us the first time but we did not forget it a second time.

Among the few Indians in Rio de Janeiro we became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Mookerji and a Mr. Bhajao, the latter a sportsman and athlete who seemed to take a real delight in showing us sights and points of interest. In his company we took a tram to Tejuca, high up in the hills, where the air is quite cool and invigorating. Tejuca is an hour's ride from the city proper and is a fashionable suburb on the slope of a hill, where beautiful villas are situated surrounded by lovely gardens. We took a long walk on the top of the hill to Furnas de Agcarsiz, a picnic spot noted as "a lover's delight." Huge stones piled one upon another form natural compartments, chairs, benches and tables, so that all the privacy desired can be obtained at no expense.

Together with Mr. Bhajao we also visited Petropolis, a lovely town about sixty kilometres from the city, which is also situated high up on a mountain and affords an excellent and inspiring view of the city and the surrounding country.

A wealthy friend of Mr. Bhajao's, one Mr. Silverio, who owns large fruit orchards and a sort of ranch, was kind enough to show us around his property, pointing out his oranges, sweet lemons and pineapples as well as his yard in which he raises pigs and poultry. The thorough cleanliness of his place impressed us very much.

Since the climate was always balmy and warm, we were able to swim in the Atlantic even in winter. We also enjoyed taking the ferry to the island of Paquet, and in the company of Mr. and Mrs. Mookerji we explored the many tiny islands that jut out into the ocean like so many rafts. The largest ones cannot accommodate more than a few hundred people and it requires only a few minutes to walk around one

of them. They are mostly privately owned and make very attractive little places of privacy and rest when desired.

Our stay in Rio de Janeiro was now coming to an end and we very much regretted to have to leave this beauty spot and the friends who had made our stay so pleasant. But time waits for no one and we had to take a reluctant farewell.

AMAZON BASIN—Balem The voyage up to Panama was uneventful. Eight days after leaving Rio de Janeiro, we dropped anchor at Balem, a port 200 miles up the Amazon. This is a quaint little town with old buildings and dusty roads. From here it is possible to navigate the mighty Amazon for 2,000 miles. The stores are crammed with beautiful souvenirs made of crocodile, snake and lizard skins. We stopped here for only a day and then resumed our journey to Panama. As we neared the equator, the days became warmer but the nights were wonderful and it was delightful to lie on the deck and gaze upward at the blue star-filled sky or to watch the silvery shadow cast by the moon. The Japanese crew staged a drama one night which was both novel and interesting.

On the day we passed the island of Trinidad it felt as though we were steaming up a river, since there was land on both sides of us. Our speed was between 350 to 400 miles a day and as we were now taking a westerly course, we had to set our watches back 21 minutes every day.

CENTRAL AMERICA

COLON At Colon, which is on the Atlantic side of the Panama Canal, the boat stopped only for the customary inspections. Very slowly and cautiously we proceeded for a few miles through the Limon Bay, which, in places, was so narrow that the boat's sides almost touched the land. Once arrived at the Gatun Lock, the engines were stopped and the electric "mules" took over. Generally three mules are required on each side to propel a large boat. After the boat was in her proper berth, the gates were closed and chains were drawn up on both ends of the ship to prevent an accidental dash against the lock doors. The water was pumped into the lock at the rate of 30,000,000 gallons, every eight minutes. After the boat had been raised 28 feet and was on a level with the adjoining lock, the enormous double doors were opened and the boat was manoeuvred into the second lock. A similar operation raised us another 28 feet and into the third lock, so that we floated into the artificial Gatun Lake at the height of 84 feet above the sea level. Under her own power the boat then pushed onward for 23 miles; at times, passing through the Gaillard Cut, almost scraping both her sides against the banks. This section of the canal, built at a tremendous cost and with the loss of thousand of lives, still requires constant dredging.

For the descent, the boat entered the Pedro Miguel Lock and by reversing the process, pumping water out instead of in, the boat was lowered 30 feet to the Miraflores Lake and from there in two further operations was brought once again to the level of the Pacific.

The length of the canal is 50½ miles and a boat requires approximately from 10 to 12 hours for the passage. Huge auxiliary locks and gates are kept in constant readiness to be brought into instant use in the event of the main devices being damaged or destroyed by an enemy or by an act of God ! To assure its safety the U.S.A. has bought a strip of land, 10 miles wide on each side of the canal, which extends along its entire length, and only those who are employed by the canal authorities are permitted on this strip of land which is known as the "Canal Zone."

BALBOA We stepped on land again at Balboa and had a tough time getting our papers straightened out, putting down our deposit and having a "Petition" issued that would grant us permission to remain here for the fifteen day lay-over.

In Balboa, we found a large number of Indians, but unlike Africa, where most of the Indians hailed from Gujerat side, the Indians here were mostly Punjabis and Sikhs. They were almost exclusively the owners of small stores, handling such merchandise as silk-goods, bone and ivory novelties from Japan and China, and perfumes from France. The only Indian article we saw there were the coarse, woollen carpets, called Namdas, that were imported from Kashmir. They depend for their trade almost entirely on tourists, ignoring the English as much as possible, because of the British habit of haggling over the price, and seeking American trade because an American buys what he wants and pays the price asked.

We were fortunate in becoming acquainted with several Indians of importance, including one Mr. Chungalal and one Mr. Rala Singh, who was the head of the Indian Community in Panama. They enabled us to see the various sights by driving us all over the countryside in their private cars. An interesting experience was our visit, made possible in this manner, to the Miraflores Lock. Here we were shown the method of operating the mighty locks. The engineer who has charge of the controls, cannot actually see the boats as they enter or leave the locks, but he watches an ingeniously devised model set up in his cabin, which accurately gives him the exact location of the great craft.

Panama's climate is hot and moist and there is practically no breeze either during the day nor at night. The glare from the sun is terrific. Panama itself is not very interesting, its main street, the Central Avenue, alone showing some life. On this road are situated the business institutions, the cabarets and the dance halls. Panama, even to-day, is far from being a healthy place, but the devastating fevers—malaria, yellow-fever and others—are greatly reduced since the United States has done away with the acres upon acres of insect-infested shrubs, bushes and trees.

CHRISTOBAL Before we departed from Panama, our Indian friends presented us with gold medals and a purse and we left for Christobal with heavy

hearts. We crossed the canal zone by train and returned to the Atlantic side.

Since only one boat a week leaves Christobal, we were held up by necessity, and felt, at first, rather lonely. But once more we were fortunate in meeting a young Gujarati, Mr. Daya, who took us with him in his truck on his daily delivery runs to the Army and Navy bases. On a Saturday afternoon he even found time to favour us with a trip in a friend's launch over the Gatun Lake.

On the 24th of August the Pacific Steamship Company's boat "Orbita" sailed for Jamaica and we found ourselves among many nationalities, there being passengers from Peru, Chile, Equador, and many other small Republics. After an uneventful trip of two days and a night, the boat dropped anchor in mid stream in Kingston Harbour, and we were transferred to the custom house in a small launch.

WEST INDIES

JAMAICA

Had we approached Jamaica by aeroplane instead of by boat, we would have seen a green dot surrounded on all sides by the blue waters of the North Atlantic, for Jamaica is an ever green island whose high mountain ranges almost touch the shore.

Although Kingston is the capital and has the finest harbour in Jamaica, it is not a very large town. When the Spanish were still in possession they made Spanish Town their capital but the English transferred this distinction to Kingston. We were given a very hearty reception by the Indian Association and in that way met many Indians who were glad to shelter and feed us. Their general condition and status, however, saddened us much, for unlike the Indians in other parts of the world, these people have hardly made any advance. Most of them are farmers and grow vegetables and fruits. They are poor and wear ragged clothes. The first Indian sellers had brought their womenfolk with them, their children and grandchildren, however, have intermarried, know nothing about India or its language, have embraced Christianity and get whatever schooling they can afford with the native born Jamaican children. Most of them

are from the United Provinces, Bengal and Madras. A few Sindhi merchants have recently opened large stores in which they sell mainly Oriental, Japanese and Chinese merchandise. They are fairly well-to-do and hold themselves entirely aloof from the farmer class.

During our stay we took several motor-drives into the interior of the island, driving up the winding roads, through the dense, forested mountain sides and skirting many banana and sugar-cane plantations. A very large section of the land is, however, lying idle and going to waste. Large concerns, like the United Fruit Co., and the Jamaica Fruit Co., have bought up acres upon acres of rich soil, but they use only a section of this fertile land to raise bananas and sugar-cane, and in order to obtain cheap labour and keep up prices the remaining land is allowed to lie idle. Much misery and poverty would be avoided if these concerns were to lease or sell this property to individuals who could earn a decent livelihood by tilling the land now owned but not worked.

CUBA By September 9, 1937, we had made all arrangements with the Hamburg American Line's Agent at Kingston, so we once again boarded a boat and our next jog to Cuba was under way. This little twenty-four hour trip meant a new experience for us. The boat was a German freighter, the only available transport for Cuba, and had no cabins to offer. We were therefore obliged to erect an improvised tent on the deck and since the air was warm and balmy, this was no ordeal. We soon succeeded in making friends with the officers and crew and were invited to their cabins for a tale-swapping contest and some German beer. Although accommodation was not of the most modern type and the conveniences were not those of the better equipped boats, time passed quickly and at 4 p.m. we docked at Santiago de Cuba.

The treatment accorded us here left a very bitter taste in the mouth that lingers till to-day. In spite of the fact that our passports were in order and our bond had been deposited with the shipping company, the immigration officer who boarded the boat refused to allow us to land until word came by telegram from the central government at Havana. When it failed to arrive, we were told that we would have to remain at the quarantine and could not go into the city. We pleaded

in that case, to remain aboard but that too was refused. Then we learned that they wanted us to stay at the quarantine in order to obtain government quarantine fee. We offered to pay this in exchange for permission to go to a hotel. Our wish was granted and we spent the rest of the night unmolested.

The next day our baggage was minutely examined, even our private books and pictures, and we had to pay a \$10.00 as fee for this examination. Another \$10.00 was requested for the filling out of some sort of form pertaining to our bicycles. Over and above paying these exorbitant charges, we were again detained for hours until finally the answer came from Havana. We almost doubt whether government really knows how visitors and tourists are treated, for it is a very effective system of driving and keeping people away from their shores.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA

This is rather a dirty city. The streets are full of deep holes and infested with beggars. In the cafés, musicians play one or two pieces, and then make their rounds for a collection. A ride in a bus, with girl conductors, was pleasant, however, for the houses in Vista Alegre were pretty, nicely constructed, and evidently inhabited by a wealthy class of people.

We watched a base-ball game between a team from a brewery and one from a shoe-factory and were amazed at the poor sportsmanship shown. Spectators and players were constantly haggling and openly fighting, bets were made and instructions shouted to the players. It was a sorry spectacle.

SANTA CLARA

We left early the next morning, for the first time without any regrets. Before we left we had to pay another \$10.00 for quarantine fee and \$6.00 for meals which we had not eaten. So, if we scaled a long mountain grade at a faster pace than usual, it was only because of the desire to get Santiago de Cuba as far behind us in as short a time as possible. Many subsequent grades were so steep that we had to walk and push our wheels, but, the Great Central Highway, which was built by President Machado, was in fairly good condition and enabled us to make good time. By sundown we arrived at Santa Clara, quite a large town, built like many towns in Cuba and Mexico around its central park. Here again, we ran into trouble, but of a different nature. At almost every street corner we

were stopped by the police for our passports. A crowd would always gather when we were forced to open our camera case. One plain clothes officer even accompanied us to our hotel and searched our room and baggage without a search warrant. When asked for the meaning of all this we were told that we resembled the Mexicans and that our scout hats looked like the Mexican sombreros !

MATANZA From Santa Clara to Matanza is a distance of fully 123 miles, and we made this distance in one day over good highways, assisted excellently by the many slow moving trucks that passed us in endless procession. This was a great aid, especially on the steep grades. All trucks in this country move slowly, because of the terrific heat. Matanza is a port but is visited by few large boats. Near Matanza are the Ballamar Caves, which, like the Congo Caves in South Africa, are formed from limestone. They are neither as large nor as interesting as the Congo Caves, but are very effectively lighted.

We left Matanza early in the morning and found cycling by the light of a brilliant moon very delightful. The heat on this ride was not quite so unbearable, because the entire stretch to Havana is lined with beautiful shady trees which kept the direct rays of the sun from beating down on us. When we reached Havana, it was during the rush hour and the traffic was very heavy.

HAVANA The two weeks we spent in Havana, passed only too rapidly, for it is a very beautiful town and just seeing the wonderful sights kept us busy and content. Like all other Cuban towns, Havana too has a Central Park around which the life of this busy and thriving town centres. On one side of the park, there are two big buildings, one the Capitol and the other the National Theatre. Opposite these and on the other side of the park, are built the main buildings of the town which are used as hotels and banks. Joining the Central Park to the sea drive is the beautiful and broad avenue of Paseo de Marti Prado, resembling very much the Rambla Avenue in Barcelona, Spain. During day-time, the avenue affords a cool and shady walking space, while in the evening people come to take a stroll in the cool sea breeze, or sit in pairs on the benches to whisper words of love and romance. Coming out of this avenue the long marine

drive, known as the Avenue Antonio Maceo o Malecon, begins. On this avenue are many beautiful monuments and statues.

Going towards Vedado, the fashionable suburb of Havana, one arrives at the Maceo Park in which stands the statue of Maceo, the Cuban hero, who fell during the last struggle for the liberty of Cuba. It is a bronze statue showing Marti in the act of reining in a fiery steed. Further on is the monument of Maine, which the Cubans built to revere the memory of those aboard the ill-fated U.S.A. battleship Maine, which was blown up in Havana harbour on February 15, 1898, thereby bringing the American government to the side of the Cubans against Spain. At this point the road turns inwards and goes through the suburb of Vedado. Situated on a small hill, and commanding a good view of the University section, is the grand monument of Jose Miguel Gomez, the second President of the Cuban Republic.

On the return journey, we passed by the side of a big fortress which is now used as a jail. At the end of the Avenue de la Independencia and the beginning of the Reina, is the beautiful church of the Sacred Heart. The other side of the Avenue Antonio Maceo o Malecon is also very beautiful and interesting. In front of the Presidential Palace and facing the ocean is the statue of Maximo Gomez seated on a spirited charger. Standing on the Malecon Drive and facing the La Cubana Fort is the monument of Jose de la Laxy Caballero, who was a striking figure in the revolutionary annals of this country. The inscription on the base reads. "Education is not just to provide a career in life, its purpose is to temper the soul."

Further on are situated the docks and customs, where the drive becomes narrow and congested. After passing the pier of San Francisco and of the Cunard, Grace, United Fruit and Munson Lines, we came to the Central Railway station, jammed in among the residential quarters.

In Havana, the Capital building or the Senate House is very imposing from the outside and interesting to go through. A fee is charged for all visitors which we were told goes to the 20 guides working there. With the guide, who could speak English, we visited the Lower House, which is represented by 162 members, while the Senate has 36 members. We were also told about the 60 different kinds of marbles, brought from France, Spain and Italy to be used in its construction. The

building is made of Cuban limestone highly polished. The ceilings are richly painted in gold and beautiful colours by artists from Europe and America. The monumental statue which represents the Republic is wonderful. It is the work of the sculptor, Angelo Zauelli of Rome and is built of brass, and gilded. It was brought to this country in three parts and weighs several tons. The big and long state hall—the Hall of Lost Steps—is used as the reception room and is often a setting for big balls. Just beneath the big dome, which is 318 feet high, is fixed in the floor a diamond of great value, to mark the starting point, known as the zero kilometre, of the Central Highway.

It is said that President Machado, who built this edifice and several other beautiful monuments, was a very cruel man, for he taxed the people very much and oppressed the poor. He became so hated that the Cuban Government removed two panels in which his figure appeared from the door leading to the Reception Hall which had been placed there with other panels to represent the history of Cuba. Obtaining a special permit, we climbed to the top of the dome from where we got a beautiful bird's eye view of Havana. The Cubans are very fond of music and dancing and every night the cabarets and dance halls are packed with people till a late hour. Their music is very fast, as also their Rhombas, Denzen and other national dances. When heard for the first few times, their music appeals, but there being no variety, one soon gets tired of it.

A very interesting game which the Cubans play very well is known as Jai Alai, the J being pronounced like H. The game comes from the Spaniards, who call it Pelota. The court on which this game is played is rectangular in shape, being 210 feet long and 36 feet wide. The floor is paved with cement. All the walls are built of granite blocks, laid with the greatest care. On the front wall (*Frontis*), three narrow strips of thin metal are fastened, parallel to the floor and three inches above it. The second is parallel to the first, 36 feet higher up, and the third is placed vertically at the outer edge of the other two. The back wall (*Pared de rebote*) is provided with two metal strips, laid in the same position as the second and the third on the front wall. The side walls (*Pared izquierda*) have a single horizontal strip, running the entire length of the court, at a height of 39 feet 3

inches above the floor level. These metal strips limit the space within which the ball, must strike when in play.

The floor is divided into equal spaces or blocks, 12 feet wide, indicated by vertical lines on the side walls. These lines are numbered consecutively from the front wall. At the fourth and the seventh block, the lines are marked across the floor. When the ball is served, it must strike the front wall and then rebound between these two lines to be considered rightly served. The No. 4 line is known as the fault line, while No. 7 is the pass line. The party that wins the toss is entitled to the first serve.

On each side there are two or more players. The team that scores the stipulated number of points first, is declared the winner. The players carry in their right hand a bat, which is made of strong straw called Pula, resembling in shape the front mud-guard of a motor cycle. The ball is made of hard rubber and rebounds high into the air after hitting the floor. After the service, the player from the opposite side, catches the ball on his bat, takes a swift turn and hurls the ball with a great force against the front wall. It is then caught by one of the players from the other side. If either of the side fails to catch the ball or throws it outside the playing space, that side loses a point. While hurling the ball, the players swing their body so much that we termed it the game of swing. With long sweeping strokes the ball is thrown time after time against the wall, sometimes, so forcibly, that it rebounds from the front wall on to the rear wall without touching the ground. Many of the spectators come there to gamble and as the game is very uncertain, now one party winning, then the other, the odds vary a great deal.

On Sundays the Cubans love to visit their beautiful cemetery and put flowers on the graves of their beloved departed. The cemetery in Havana is noted for its beautiful tombs, rich in sculpture. A big mausoleum has been built by a certain club, with two underground dungeons, in which cavities have been made to put the coffins. This method of burying saves not only space but also the need to build expensive tombs.

The tomb of the Innocents reminds the visitor of the sad fate of eight young students wrongly murdered. These boys, for the eldest was not more than 16 years old, were visiting the cemetery one day and happened to say something which re-

flected on the character of the dead colonel Gonzalo Castanon. A soldier heard them and they were reported to the military authorities. Forty-three students were arrested and tried and they were proved innocent and acquitted. The result of the trial enraged the military authorities and they were tried again by a sham court. All of them were found guilty and eight of them were chosen by lots to be shot down. The father of one of the boys who was very rich, offered to give his wealth if the life of his son could be spared, but in vain.

A few words regarding office procedure here may not be amiss. Before a deposit can be refunded the Cuban law requires a visitor to have an out-bound ticket and a proper visa on the passport. Consequently we took our tickets and passports from the Ward Line with us when we called at the Immigration Office for our deposit. Although there was still an hour's time left before the offices closed, we were told to come back "Maniana"—to-morrow. This sort of procrastination is frequent here and nothing can be done about it and in this regard the Custom Office is just like the Immigration Office. For example, we had to go there in order to find out what they intended to do with the small arms which we had turned in when we landed. We were passed from the first man to the second and finally to the third, merely to settle this weighty question. An elderly man (a fourth party) finally procured a form and proceeded to fill it in, while five or six kilitzers volunteered free advice and counsel.

Everything seemed settled, when a sudden remark from one of the audience started a verbal battle that ended in the tearing up of our form. It took a lot of tact and persuasion to have a new sheet drawn up and when we had finally affixed our signatures we breathed a sigh of relief. It was then decided that we should take the arms to the Ward Line Pier and there leave them in charge of an official until it was time to board the boat. As the old man had worked a few minutes over time, he demanded an additional \$5.00 but this time we flatly refused. We had, however, to take the official to the pier in a taxi, as he refused to walk or take a bus. Then at the last moment, we had to pay 25 cents each for head-tax, which is demanded from every passenger leaving the country.

As the boat left the narrow channel and cut a silvery wedge into the deep blue, our relief and joy knew no bounds for we were anxious to reach Mexico.

NORTH AMERICA

MEXICO It evidently does not pay the shipping company to pay the harbour dues in Mexican waters, for the boat weighed anchor when five miles out of the harbour of Progreso.

This time we had no difficulty getting through the Custom Office and while awaiting our turn, we related our experiences to some of the American passengers and soon we were swamped with invitations to visit many of them at their homes in the United States.

MERIDA Since hotel accommodation in Progreso is very poor, all the passengers went 24 miles into the interior to Merida, an attractive, picturesque little place. The hotel here was so crowded, that all we could obtain was a room with only two beds and one hammock. This was our first experience with a hammock and we know that a candid camera fan, hidden in a closet, could have obtained some hilarious pictures. To fall out faster than we could climb in would have been much more fun had the floor been softer ; as it was, our attempt at this sort of bunking was extremely ludicrous even to us, the victims. A native finally straightened us out by telling us to lie cross-wise.

Merida is noted for its hammocks, all made by individuals in their homes. They are made from English twine of many colours, cleverly woven into beautiful, intricate designs and are so strong that they often last a lifetime. It takes two people approximately three weeks to complete one hammock, but they are kept constantly busy because of the extreme heat in this country. Hammocks are first of all cooler than a mattress, and the swinging motion creates a welcome breeze and shoves flies and mosquitoes from the sleeper.

Early next morning, we went to a nearby market where Maya women, dressed in a long one-piece robe and a shawl thrown over head and shoulders, were selling their vegetables which greatly resembled the vegetables that we grow around Bombay. But one fruit called Spitaya was new to us. The dresses of the women were very much like those of the Khoja women in India and the entire market scene strongly reminded us of Bombay.

A little further on a fat man with a white apron around his generous middle was dishing out Cochinita, pork meat cooked with spices and served on round flat bread (which we call Chuppaties in India) to the poor people who were swarming around his wheel-barrow. The man was digging his fingers into the small, soft piggy and tearing off small pieces of the luscious meat. It must have been very hot, for we saw him blowing on his fingers or pulling back his hand quickly whenever he dug his fingers too deeply into the flesh. A bright charcoal stove was supplying the necessary heat.

A group of Yukatans was so busy reading the latest news which was written in chalk on an elevated black board, that they did not notice us taking their picture and we obtained some excellent character studies.

Soon we set out for Merida again and aided by a strong sea breeze the 24-mile trip was quickly made. This time we were fortunate in getting special rates at the best local hotel, the Itza.

A walk through the town in the fading light of a hot October sun brought us opposite the Casa del Puebla, the Socialist Palace or the House of the People. The name encouraged us to approach it and a guard at the door bowed us in. The large main hall is used for free picture shows and other attractions for the benefit of the tax-payers. Swelling with pride, the guard told us that "no matter who he is, Englishman, American, European, or Negro, everybody is welcomed in this building." For the very poor, homeless people, sleeping quarters are even provided in some of the upper rooms.

At 9 o'clock in the evening, the municipal band gave a concert in the park and the Merida society came out to walk to the accompaniment of the snappy music, but we were too sleepy to stay long, preferring to get a full night's sleep.

A visit to the City Hall on the next day proved beneficial to us in more than one way. After the Mayor learned our story, he generously waved the municipal tax which is levied on all foreigners and thus saved us \$30.00. He also granted us permission to take all the pictures we wanted. He stated that the reason for prohibiting much picture-taking was due to the many foreigners snapping only young, ragamuffins in tattered clothes and shoeless feet, and later showing them around as "the general thing."

CHICHEN ITZA

On the way to Chichen Itza we noticed more resemblances between this country and ours—women drawing water from the well, huts built of mud, with thatched roofs, and the general appearance of the natives. They resembled particularly the people of Gujerat, polite and mild. One notable difference, however, could not escape us. Young boys in India would invariably be playing with marbles, but almost all the youngsters here were shouldering air-rifles and were constantly on the look-out for something to shoot. They were mild in appearance and polite in their manners but they evidently afforded mothers and sisters a fine protection.

The name Chichen Itza is composed of Maya words, Chimouth ; Chen, well and Itza, name of the tribe. Among the ruins of Chichen Itza the main monument is "El Castillo," the temple of Kukulkan, built in the same style as the Pyramids of Egypt. Ninety feet high and 82 feet at the base, the top can be reached by climbing steps from four directions. On three sides are 91 steps and on the fourth side, 92 steps, so that the total number equals 365, the number of days in the year.

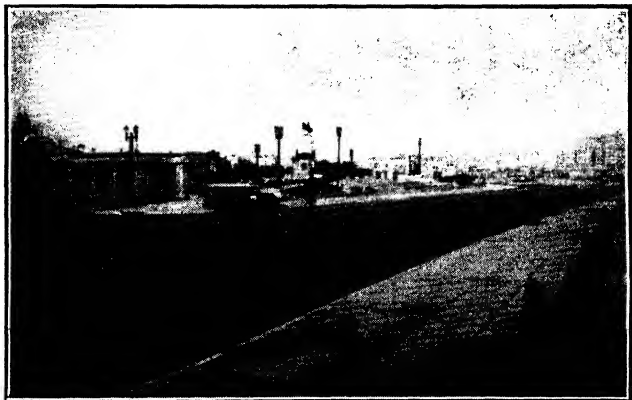
A stone's throw from the "El Castillo" is the Ball Court, a very long rectangular court, completely walled in. It is noted for its marvellous acoustics which cause a person's voice to be repeated half a dozen times. A conversation held in whispers at one end of the court can be distinctly heard and understood at the far end.

In the Ball Court is an ancient building known as the House of Tigers because of the many figures of tigers that are inlaid in red and blue colours. In olden times a rather primitive game was played in this house. A rubber ball was tossed in the air and the participants who numbered many hundreds, were supposed to pass the ball from player to player by agile movements of the shoulders and hips without bringing the hands into play at all. The object was to throw the ball through a hoop whose circumference was little greater than the diameter of the ball, merely by body movements. The captain of the losing team was sacrificed after the game.

Near this House of Tigers is a sacred well into which were thrown the unfaithful wives and unwanted women whose remains are still said to lie concealed beneath the dirty green waters.



Entrance to the Congo Caves. These caves are formed by the percolation of water through lime. The figures in them have taken fantastic shapes and the guides have invented all sorts of interesting stories about them. These caves are electrically lighted and look very wonderful. (*Details on page 69.*)

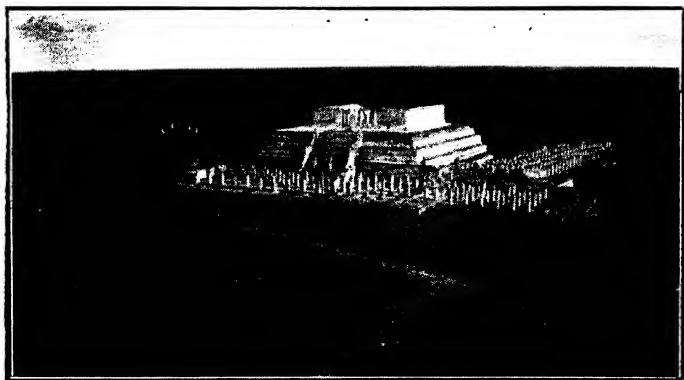


THE MARCEO PARK AND STATUE

In the picture, the broad drive, some miles along the sea front, is the beautiful Malecon Drive and the tall buildings built on this drive can be also seen. These buildings are either residential flats or hotels. (*Details on page 84.*)



In the Colon Cemetery there are many beautiful and costly Mausoleums but none so touching as this tomb of the eight unfortunate students. These boys, the eldest of whom was not more than 16 years old, were tried by a military court and unjustly accused of insulting a dead colonel and were shot dead. (*Details on page 86.*)



The Temple of Warriors with its thousands of pillars is the most beautiful monument at Chichen Itza. (*Details on page 91.*)

In the Temple of Warriors, a fine edifice, we saw hundreds of pillars, some of which still topped by huge, flat stones, that at some time must have carried the weight of a roof or an arch. On the top of this temple is the Mesa de los Atlantes. The altar was used for either ceremonial or sacrificial purposes. As the figures resemble Egyptian monuments it is known by the name of Atlantes. At the entrance to the temple is the image of Chacmol, the Sun God, flanked on either side by white serpents.

At sunset we again climbed the "El Castillo" and were rewarded with an extensive view of the green bushes and small trees covering vast flat acres but not a single mountain or even hill for miles around.

The next morning we turned our steps in another direction, viewing the House of Deer, the Observatory, the Nunnery, and the House of Dark Writings, but in none of these ruins did we find any carvings. Only the stones had in a few places been arranged to form designs and there were some images of human beings carved on tablets. The architecture of these ruins is alone worth a trip to this country.

UXMAL

We then went to Uxmal, 50 miles from Merida, to view some ruins, but found them less interesting than those of Chichen Itza, although some of the figures were set in bolder relief. The Casa del Adivino, which resembled a Maharatta Fort from a distance, must have been a pyramid in days gone by, but it is now in a very dilapidated condition and no longer has any regular even sides or well outlined edge. In the Las Monjas we were still able to find many of the ornaments in a fairly good state of preservation, but on the whole we believe the ruins of Chichen Itza were either constructed more solidly and massively or else they were taken better care of than the ruins of Uxmal.

While at the ruins we made friends with a group of young Yucatan girls and boys. They had come in a private bus and as we preferred to make the return trip with them rather than leave earlier in the public bus, we asked them whether they would accept us, and we were glad, indeed when they not only consented to it but also shared their sandwiches and beer with us. Thus the return trip, enlivened with Mexican songs and music, seemed very short and offered us a happy diversion.

In many parts of Yucatan we found the natives woefully ignorant of the history of India and the majority of them could not even point out India on a map. Many thought that India was a part of South America, others thought it was a part of Africa and still others placed it near the poles. But even the most ignorant had heard of Mahatma Gandhi and they called us "Gandhi People."

When the time for our departure arrived, we had the odd experience of having our baggage inspected by the Customs Officer. Our curiosity got the better of us and we asked him why he searched as we *left*, when the baggage had already been inspected upon our arrival. He replied, "Lately many thefts by tourists of old relics and manuscripts have been reported, and this is a precautionary measure."

RINCONADA Our journey from Progreso to Veracruz was uneventful and we stayed in this city only overnight. We continued early in the morning for Rinconada and were thrilled by a beautiful sight as the rays of the rising sun were caught on the high snow-capped peak of Orizaba. Although this peak is 18,000 feet above the sea level its height is deceptive, possibly due to the fact that one is already high above the sea before the final ascent is begun. The road was very winding and gave us a fine opportunity to see this majestic mountain from many vantage points. The great strain to which we were subjected in climbing this long, steep grade reduced us to three very tired cyclists by early evening and the sight of Rinconada was very welcome. As we reached this town, many small children ran towards us from their homes, clapping their hands and yelling and jumping with joy, for a bicycle in this country is a very rare sight. As we sat that evening, writing our diary by the light of an old hurricane lamp, we were reminded of many similar nights spent in the distant Orient.

JALAPA Our road from here on to Plan del Rio was under construction in parts, but except for those torn-up sections riding was pleasant and easy. Once we left Plan del Rio, however, an ascent began in earnest and we frequently had to dismount and push our heavy wheels because of the steep grades. We stopped frequently for food and especially a drink of cool water. Our strenuous efforts were not in vain though, for we were well repaid when we

arrived at Jalapa, a city of gardens and flowers, sometimes called the "Athens of America." We hurriedly shaved and bathed and then went to the Park Quarez which is beautifully situated in the centre of this lovely little paradise, and from there we obtained a fine view of the city as it spreads over the surrounding mountain slopes which all seemed to converge upon the open stadium, now brilliantly illuminated. Since a hard day's work had tired us out thoroughly, we slowly retraced our steps to the hotel rather than walk to the stadium and take part in whatever festivities were being held.

For several hours after leaving Jalapa and the majestic mount Orizaba we were able to remain in the saddle, although it was hard, uphill work. Then the grades once again became too steep and we had to use our shoulders. Thus we pushed through San Miguel and reached Perote wet from perspiration and shivering, because of a sharp, cold wind. In the afternoon we pushed on to El Seco. The landscape and scenery we saw that day reminded us no little of northern Persia, some of the tiny villages resembling old Spanish Forts and looking for all the world, like the Serais of Afghanistan and Iran. The churches, too, could easily be taken for the domed mosques of the Mohammedans.

PUEBLA

When we arrived in Puebla, an important industrial city, we went to see the Mayor, or as he is called in Mexico, the President. Here we were treated with exceptional courtesy. The Mayor called one of his assistants who could speak English and after he had heard our entire account of the trip, he at once placed this man at our disposal as a guide and thus we saw the two Old Forts of Loreto and Guadalupe which the Mexicans had defended against the French invasion. The cannons and fire-arms used in these battles were on display at the small museum in one of the forts.

The Puebla style of construction interested us very much, the houses being built of red brick walls, inlaid with tiles. Both public buildings and private houses were built in this manner, the outstanding example being the Bishop's Palace.

Later in the day, three of us climbed the steps of the Cathedral Tower and obtained an excellent view of the snow-capped mountains, the Popocatepetl (4,680 metres in height) meaning the Smoky Mountain, and the Ixtaccihuatl (4,450

metres) meaning the Sleeping Woman. In the tower of this Cathedral hangs the largest and heaviest bell in this continent. A few school girls offered to show us some of the most beautiful churches in Mexico. We could not resist this offer and so prolonged our stay in Puebla and were soon happy over our decision. The marvellous, artistic style of architecture known as the Churringueria façade will always keep the San Francisco church fresh in our minds, while in the Santo Domingo church we were greatly pleased with the beautiful, richly gilded chapel of the Rosary. The Casa del Alfenigue, which is now used as a museum, is rich in Azulekho work (Azulekho is coloured tile inlaid in red brick) and contains old furniture, pottery and garments. The girls also took us to their homes and there put on different dresses of the natives, the China Poblana being the most attractive in our eyes.

We also took in a real "All-In" wrestling exhibition to which we were admitted free of charge through the courtesy of some Federal Police Officers. The wrestlers were really tough who were able to hand out and also absorb plenty of punishment.

The artistic taste of the people of Puebla is very pronounced and eloquently revealed in their crystal stone craftsmanship, their wood carving, pottery and in their architecture and decorative schemes for stores and bazaar stalls. The flower stalls especially present an array of brilliant colours harmoniously and tastefully blended, and the artistic manner in which they display their sombreros—Mexican broad-brimmed hats—must appeal to any artistic sense of beauty and correctness.

MEXICO CITY

From Puebla we resumed our climb through Rio Frio, at an altitude of 10,000 feet to Mexico City over many long grades. We were wonderfully assisted on this stretch, however, by a young Mexican student who was out on a pleasure ride on his motor cycle. Since he lived in Mexico City, he also helped us, once we arrived here, to get a clean, suitable lodging place; another young American friend who worked in the American Chamber of Commerce, saw to it that we obtained lots of fine publicity.

Mexico City is very picturesque and scenic. Our first trip was made to Xochimilco Gardens, about 18 kilometres

from the city. It is a popular Sunday resort and resembles the glorious floating gardens of Kashmir. It seemed to us that the entire world could readily be supplied with flowers from this one beauty spot alone. The effect was that of breathing in a veritable floral paradise. To roam about in these gardens one must hire a boat which is propelled by one or more men standing in the prow. If one cares to spend money, one can have attached to the boat a canoe in which gay young senores play guitars, fiddles and mariambas, while beautiful, black eyed senioritas sing popular hits. Other canoes are in charge of vendors who sell refreshments and a drink called pulkay, prepared from the juice of the cactus plant. It was indeed a glorious experience for us and we have only one complaint to make. It seemed a pity, to us, that a few motor launches were permitted on these lagoons, for the putt-putts of the motors and the nauseating exhaust fumes marred the otherwise perfect serenity of a beauty spot which should be on everybody's "*must visit*" list.

Among the great attractions of Mexico City is the Chapultepec Park, a lovely place with its walks shaded by tall, stately pines, that grow in such profusion that they seem to form a veritable forest. At intervals, a clearing is reached in which a lagoon offers fine boating facilities. As we climbed a hill, we reached the fortress built by the Aztecs and which was used by Maximilian and Carlota as their summer residence. The interior of the castle is richly decorated with priceless tapestry and with massive furniture of heavy oak inlaid with mother of pearl, ivory and precious stones. On the walls hang historical pictures and photographs of illustrious personages of Mexico and the world. It is a pleasure to spend hours inspecting these interesting halls gazing at the magnificent panorama which unfolds itself before our eyes from the tall windows, especially the view of the two snow-covered volcanoes, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl.

In the Art Gallery in the Palacio de Bellas Artes, we saw the two murals painted by Rivera, depicting the machine age and the destruction of humanity by human armaments, pictures which Rockefeller had rejected.

The Zocalo or public square with its government offices, City Hall, Cathedral and National Palace is the Hyde Park of Mexico where soap-box orators and the would-be politicians

expound their weighty messages and where, in the past, many agitators were hanged.

The National Pawn Shop is the place to which needy people bring their possessions to raise money. The rate of interest is very low and Government retains an article for seven months at the end of which time it is publicly auctioned for the benefit of the owner who receives whatever is left after a percentage is deducted. Behind the counters sit men who place a value on jewellery, musical instruments, furniture, watches, radios, cameras and other articles. A special part of the building is set aside for the very poor where they can borrow money on a pawned article without any interest, but on no article more than 10 pesos can be raised. These people pawn such items as shirts, shawls, old boots, etc., and rarely receive more than 50 cents at a time in exchange.

The Shrine of Gaudalupe draws thousands of pilgrims to its portals every year. The interior of this shrine is very rich in gold carvings whose splendour is enhanced because they are set off by the simplicity and plainness of other decorations. Nearby on the top of a hill is a cemetery which we visited in order to get a fine extensive view of the colourful surrounding country. We also paid a hurried visit to the Pyramids but they did not impress us nearly as much as did the Maya ruins.

By now we had seen most of the points of interest and resumed our trip which soon began to get more and more difficult. We had to climb one steep grade after another, for this is a very mountainous country, and we were soon tired out. The actual climb was done at a snail's pace but once we reached the top of a grade and began the descent we almost lost control of our wheels because of the great speed. Had the roads been good, it wouldn't have been so hard, but they were strewn with loose gravel and many large stones, so that we were jarred constantly and our tyres were badly cut. We had to stop to repair punctures, many a time. To make matters worse, one of us developed a stiff knee and suffered quite a lot while trying to cycle his daily mileage. We tied hot water-bottles around the knee each night and that heat treatment kept the swelling down sufficiently for him to resume his labour each successive day. Fortunately the motor cycle patrol in these parts were very helpful, the officers

helping us up the steeper grades by permitting us to hold on to their shoulders.

But at last we left the mountains behind us and once more found flat land. Here the bridges all spanned dried river beds, for the heat had lapped up all the water long ago. At Monterrey we stopped long enough to rest our tired backs and a very sore knee, but resumed our journey with renewed vigour and eagerness, for we were now about to leave Mexico and enter the United States of which we had heard so much throughout the lands we had traversed. Such high sounding words as "Board of Inquiry" and "Solemn Oath" were puzzles even to us who had by now crossed the borders of 37 countries, but after we had all been questioned individually behind locked doors and had solemnly pledged our word not to remain in the United States for more than a year, nor to work during that period, we were permitted to enter, and again a New World awaited us.

THE UNITED STATES

TEXAS Cycling over fine highways, we made for Austin, the capital of Texas. We passed through San Antonio on a Sunday, and on that afternoon we saw more old model T Fords than we had ever seen before in our lives, and it amused us no little to see them seemingly crawling along, while the modern machines were whizzing past them.

We had heard much of southern hospitality and had just been discussing it when a man in a shining new car drove up alongside our wheels and asked, "are you the boys who are touring round the world?" When we answered in the affirmative, he proceeded to ask us where we would be lunching. We had given that matter no thought as yet and told him so, whereupon he took out his card and wrote down the address of a cafeteria in New Braunfels, at the same time stating that he would himself be there to welcome us and lunch with us. We thanked him profusely and pedalled on with renewed energy and satisfaction.

It was now the Christmas season and with each successive day the traffic became heavier. We were constantly cycling on two-lane highways, and were at the mercy not only of the speeding automobiles that flashed around us at 50 to 70 miles an hour, but also of the barrage of empty whisky bottles that were being thrown on the road by the celebrating motorists. Everybody was in high good humour and in a great hurry, but when we scanned the evening papers and read of the death of 500 motorists and pedestrians in one day in the United States, we began to realize the constant danger to which we were being exposed and we often longed for the comparative safety of a lion-infested veld.

LOUISIANA: BATON ROUGE

In this daily fear we rode hard and fast through Houston and Beaumont and arrived at Baton Rouge, the capital of Louisiana. Here we spent our New Year's Day in the company of several Indian students at the Louisiana State University. The campus of this University impressed us very much. We have visited the campus of many great schools on our travels, but this is decidedly one of the finest and largest we have ever seen. We gave a number of lectures during our stay at Baton Rouge, were generously

entertained and enjoyed every moment we were there. We would like specially to thank the people in charge of the Cosmopolitan Chapter of the University for their interest in us.

NEW ORLEANS

Our next stop of any length we made at New Orleans, where we devoted an entire afternoon going through the famous French Market where, in olden times, slaves were sold. We viewed the relics of the past in the Cabildo and then admired the huge docks and piers where steamers from many foreign parts were awaiting their cargoes and passengers. To us that was an inspiring sight. New Orleans owes much of its picturesque-ness to its famed water-front.

While cycling through the south we found the tourist cabins very comfortable, clean and reasonable. A cabin generally included a kitchen, a shower and a toilet. The furniture was plain and designed for utility rather than ornamentation. Equipment included a dresser, a locker, a heater in the bedroom, two gas stoves, cooking utensils, two benches, a dining table, an ice-box and a wash-basin in the kitchen.

ALABAMA: MOBILE

We arrived in Mobile at a time when the "Death Defying Show" of Jimmi and his boys was in town. We had heard much about it so we were anxious to see the act with our own eyes. While waiting for the show to begin we were amused at the quips and wise-cracks of a number of youngsters who had gained entrance by scaling the walls. They were extremely witty and their humour was considerably beyond their years. The show itself was thrilling and it is difficult to believe that such feats can be accomplished with cars, even when one actually sees them as a stage performance. We immensely enjoyed a demonstration of the American slogan "It pays to advertise." An announcer urged "Refresh yourself with a (certain brand of) beer" then corrected himself with "Sorry, no beer to-day but drink Coco Cola." Even the ambulance came in for its share of advertising when the qualities of tyres, oil, gas and other motor products were being exalted.

FLORIDA

We indulged in very few lay-overs once we had left New Orleans but cycled on swiftly through the remainder of Louisiana, and then through the Mississippi and Alabama. In Pensacola, Florida, we finally

rested for a while and enjoyed an extremely interesting visit to the States largest Naval Air Base. Here we saw aeroplanes and sea-planes in such great numbers that we foresaw the time when they would outnumber automobiles. For a long time we watched the students making test flights and admired their grit, because every time a plane alighted on the waves too hard, on account of excessive speed or imperfect landing, it would bounce repeatedly high into the air, like a rubber ball.

TALLAHASSEE As we proceeded towards Tallahassee and St. Petersburg, the so-called thumb-technique was day by day brought into more prominent use. Long lines of students, tramps and hobos were found clustered at the city limits, waiting in groups or singly for some kind-hearted motorist to give them a lift. Their gesticular efforts were often rewarded and, as some of them expressed it, it was "thumb fun."

The beautiful Silver Springs that are fed by underground rivers which flow down many thousands of miles from the north, should be seen by all tourists. We gazed into their crystal clear waters through a glass bottomed boat, the objects at the bottom of the 100 feet deep lake being easily discernible.

TAMPA In Tampa we visited some of the enormous tobacco factories where many hand-made cigars are made by the Cubans, who form a large part of the population of Tampa.

ST. PETERSBURG St. Petersburg, the favourite resort for the aged and invalids, was our next destination. It is a very attractive city, a trade and shipping centre for citrus fruit and well-known for its commercial fisheries. It is rare that one finds a young face in a crowd, in stores or restaurants. There is even a club here, where membership is denied to anyone who has not passed his or her 75th birthday. Invalids, whose doctors prescribe a change in order that they might elude Gabriel's trumpet for another season, together with the wealthy aged whose riches enable them to enjoy the southern warmth each year, make this charming winter health resort their haven, and the green benches along the side-walks and parks, and the enormous shuffle-board courts were constantly occupied.

Visitors to this quiet, staid little town have repeatedly christened it with numerous sobriquets, of which "The City of the Un-buried Dead" is about the least complimentary. We made many friends in this city and enjoyed the motor-drives to the Passe Grill and Clearwater Town they enabled us to take.

After we crossed Tampa Bay by a ferry we cycled inland towards Sarasota and took time to visit the Ringley Art Museum, the winter quarters of the famed circus where the animals are trained ; and the air port at which hundreds of bombers were massed for the coming war manoeuvres.

TAMIAMI TRAIL

Crossing the desolate, uninhabited Tamiami Trail was very difficult because of a strong head wind. Along the side of the road ran a ditch which was dug in order to raise the level of the roads above the swamps. The waters then flowed into it and filled it up. Millions of fish feed in these dirty waters, but they are not caught because they are absolutely unpalatable.

A gorgeous sunset and later on the rising of a mellow, golden moon that suffused the entire countryside with its soothing light, painted a picture for which any artist would have given an eye. We passed many huts built by the Seminole Indians who have left their fastnesses in the swamps to come and sell their crudely hand-made wooden dolls and articles made of shells to the American tourists. On the whole, they maintain themselves by trapping and selling skins, but the novelty trade is a lucrative side-line. They have not as yet yielded to the American authority but in their reserves, rule themselves. They are said to be only about 700 in number.

MIAMI

We arrived at Miami in time to attend a dog-race, the first one we had seen run under such ideal conditions. The race-course is beautifully laid out near the waterfront on the Miami Beach. Tastefully illuminated in a maze of colours, it presents a lovely spectacle and we enjoyed the affair immensely. Even the dogs seemed to be proud of such a track and outdid themselves as they chased Ruski, the elusive, mechanical hare.

Seated in comfortable buses, we enjoyed a drive past the magnificent hotels and residential palaces of the wealthy, but were disappointed on reaching Macfadden's Deauville Hotel

to find Mr. Macfadden out. As boys we had read many of his publications and had taken a keen interest in his physical culture programmes.

During our visit to the Pan American Air Port at South Miami, we saw the Clippers from Buenos Ayres and Bermuda coming in. We were also permitted to inspect a sea-plane that was scheduled to fly to Trinidad the next morning, so we boarded it and spent quite some time admiring its interior as well as the sleek lines of its fuselage and graceful wings. This was the finest air-port we had visited to date and is very picturesquely situated at the end of a cocoanut grove.

From Miami we cycled northwards through the Palm Beach towards Daytona Beach, refreshing ourselves frequently *en route* with the delicious orange juice on sale at the numerous citrus farms.

At Daytona Beach, where Malcolm made his remarkable record of 300 miles an hour, we could not resist the temptation to try our cycles on the dazzling white stretch of sand. Many motor cars and scooters raced recklessly up and down the beach, leaving hardly any indication on the hard surface. We rode for many miles on this beautiful beach and also took a salt-water bath and a swim in the clear, cool waters before turning back, once more, on to the highway.

The Alligator and Ostrich farms of St. Augustine impeded our swift progress once again, for they intrigued us not a little. At one of the farms we saw more than 6000 alligators at one time, of which some were as old as 500 years and looked enormous. Since they are not aggressive, the keepers permitted us to go in their midst and take some pictures.

In the evening we visited the Indian cemetery where the skeletons of the Indians are interred in such close proximity that they seem to rest one upon the other. Before we left St. Augustine we were favoured with a drink from the Fountain of Youth, consequently, if we should remain forever young, our readers will know the reason.

A mild attack of measles that gripped one of us, caused us a few days' delay at Jacksonville, but then we proceeded through Brunswick and Savannah over roads raised high above the great swamps, then through the fertile fields and lush meadows to Richmond, Virginia, and on to Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON

One of our first calls in this great capital was at the White House, where we obtained the autograph of President Franklin D. Roosevelt for our album. Then we set out to see the sights of this beautiful city. We passed the long blocks of government buildings, the Union Railway Station with the Columbus Monument at the entrance, the Constitution Avenue leading to the famed Washington Monument and then we entered the Lincoln Monument, where, in the great hall we stood before the seated statue of this great man, Abraham Lincoln. The inscriptions on the walls, which were all taken from his famous sayings, impressed us deeply, for they are masterful expressions of his keen insight and sincerity.

Next we spent several hours in the Capitol Building and its maze of committee and assembly rooms and from there walked to the much talked of zoo, where the animals are kept, in air-conditioned, glass-encased rooms, instead of behind the conventional iron bars. The animals all looked like circus-trained beasts, and amused the visitors with their clever tricks and clownish pranks.

We passed long and interesting hours in the National Museum and the Smithsonian Institute, marvelling at the countless fascinating sights, and we still wonder how it was ever possible for Lindbergh to cross the ocean in such a small and flimsy plane.

At the Department of Investigation we were shown the methods used by Government to keep order and to check the activities of the gangsters. We learned that a person has to be either a lawyer or an accountant before he can qualify as a 'G' man. This department interests itself with kidnapping, bank robbery and other major offences, but not with murder which is not considered a federal crime. We were assigned a special guide and everything was explained to us in great detail. We were shown the room in which target shooting is practised, then the card room in which more than eight and a half million finger prints are filed, and a pair of scales pointed out to us was so delicate, that if a piece of blank paper is weighed and then a dot placed on the paper with a pencil, the scales indicate the difference in weight. All these things would have been kept a dark secret in other countries and we marvelled at the frankness and the democratic freedom with which such knowledge was dispensed to the public by the

American authorities. They were also quite willing to answer questions pertaining to any closed cases, refusing to give information of any sort concerning only such cases as were still under investigation.

In the evening we saw the Congressional Library building illuminated and presenting a very inspiring picture, and with this inspection our stay at Washington ended. To us, a highlight of our visit was the courtesy shown to us on all sides, for we asked many questions and always received pleasant and willing answers.

We soon passed through Baltimore and Elkton, where a marriage may be performed immediately upon the receipt of the licence (other States insist on a 72 hour interval) and where we presume that ministers and taxi-drivers are kept busy night and day.

PHILADELPHIA

As we neared Philadelphia, we found ourselves cycling over six to ten lane wide highways, in spite of which the traffic was so heavy that we could hardly find a strip of concrete for our wheels. In Philadelphia, the spacious Fairmont Park with its beautiful natural scenery impressed us very much. Like all the other large American cities, Philadelphia too, is dirty and the walls of the tall buildings are black with soot and dust, but the noise from the busy thoroughfares, the rush of the people and the large number of automobiles that tear through the crowded traffic, are very interesting to watch.

NEW YORK

For many years it had been our dream at some time to visit New York with its tall skyscrapers, its long gaping canyons and its teeming millions and the closer we drew towards this greatest metropolis on earth, the more excited and nervous we became. When we finally completed the last mile across the elevated highway known as the Skyline Pulaski Highways, that carried us to the mighty Hudson, we were both extremely happy and overawed. We made our way at once to the Sloane House Y.M.C.A., which was to serve as our headquarters during our long stay in New York. Soon after our arrival in New York our pictures and story appeared in all the leading newspapers and we were given a warm welcome by the Mayor at the city hall.

We had heard much about the fan-mail which the well-known actors and actresses were said to receive but up till now we had given such reports very little credence. But now we were getting some first-hand experience ourselves. We received countless telephone calls congratulating us and asking us for appointments, radio programme managers offered us contracts, letters poured in daily in such numbers that we could barely find time to open and read them and we were, overwhelmed with personal felicitations and praises. It was a wonderful experience of American good-will, and we were deeply grateful. Thus the first few days passed only too quickly. But once the excitement had died down somewhat, we were left more to ourselves and we were able to move about once again with greater freedom and our great desire to see the promised sights was at last to be fulfilled.

At the radio city, our first objective, we were given a special guide who immediately took us over to Rockefeller Centre. We were shown many marvellous studios and their special construction was explained to us. Each room is a floater, that is, it is suspended between walls, floor and ceiling, in order to make it sound and vibration proof. In the largest studio are arranged 1,500 shining chairs. In each studio the temperature is regulated to suit any speaker or performer. We were shown the construction of the walls that caused the voice to be thrown back and the varied devices used to produce the countless sounds and effects so necessary in modern programmes.

The huge hanger-like music hall with its superb stage and exquisite lighting arrangements interested us very much, as did the many other buildings on the walls of which the progress of mankind throughout the ages was depicted in startling murals, done by English and Spanish artists. The main lobby was illuminated ingeniously by the use of a certain kind of glass that permitted the sunlight to filter through. It produced a gentle, diffused light. English, French and Italian speaking elevator operators were employed in the English, French and Italian buildings respectively.

On the seventh floor we were shown round a garden where pears, peaches and other fruits were growing. Then we were taken to the 70th floor, where from the observatory roof, we enjoyed a grand view of the mighty metropolis we had come so far to see. There is even a post office in this vast

structure and the term "A City Within A City" is no idle boast.

A visit to the Fleischer's Studio initiated us into the mysteries of cartoon production for films. We saw films for a Popeye picture in the making. To begin with, the story must be written and then a definite length of the film is assigned for each portion of the story. The principal artists then draw the first and last figures of a sequence while the "go-betweeners" fill in the remainder, making the slight changes that create the illusion of animation. In an adjoining room tracers were tracing these finished drawings on thin celluloid with India ink, after which they were ready for colouring. The celluloid strips are then photographed. This part of the work is tedious and difficult and requires great care and skill. We were particularly impressed by the astonishing amount of labour needed in the drawing of 10,000 or more pictures that are required to make a single reel.

Another worth-while experience was our visit to the Planatorium where man's ingenuity has made a trip to the moon appear so realistic and so vivid that we actually felt relieved to be back on Mother Earth.

One Sunday some friends took us for a long drive to the Baer Mountains. We enjoyed the wonderful scenery along the Hudson very much, and at one point stepped out of the machine to look down the sheer, perpendicular walls of the towering palisades at the sparkling river below. Great crowds of people were swarming in the wonderfully located park, swimming, skating, dancing, playing tennis, golfing or in many other ways making use of the facilities for pleasure and recreation that this modern spot affords.

Another Sunday we were driven to Coney Island, the popular beach resort that is visited by thousands of New Yorkers as long as the weather permits. The place is crowded with amusement parks, equipped with every imaginable device to promote thrills and provoke laughter and general fun and frivolity. We didn't have one dull moment. Before departing, we stopped long enough to see the "Freaks of Nature" of which the "Lady with the Alligator Skin" and the "Turtle Woman" seemed to attract the greatest attention. We also could not resist the "Flea Circus." We had heard of trained dogs, horses, monkeys, elephants, tigers, etc., but trained fleas, that was something else again. The trainer

informed us that after three weeks in school, the little fellows could be taught to dance, throw a ball, turn a merry-go-round and perform a host of other tricks. They live only five months and are fed on human blood.

Our stay in New York would have been incomplete without the 40-mile boat trip around Manhattan Island. Of the five boroughs (Queens, Richmond, Brooklyn and Bronx) Manhattan is the largest in area although Brooklyn has a larger population. As the boat left the Bowling Green, we could see dimly through the mist, the Statue of Liberty on Bedloe Island. The steamer pursued a course along the East River, thus giving us a grand view of the majestic skyline of lower New York. Steaming underneath the gigantic Brooklyn and Manhattan Bridges, we passed a huge group of buildings in which is generated the steam that heats the enormous downtown buildings.

A little further upstream on the opposite side of Manhattan, we saw the naval yards where the huge dreadnoughts and battleships were under construction for Uncle Sam's Navy. Then followed on the Manhattan side the densely populated China Town and the slum section. A little further along yet we saw long lines of garbage trucks emptying their nauseating contents on the barges. Before it is taken out to be burnt, it is carefully scrutinized for any valuables and the city exacts a stiff fee from the searchers, indicating a worthwhile remuneration.

The Williamsburg and the Queensborough Bridges were the next in line. We visited them especially because of their great height and the length of their spans. The East River and the Harlem River are spanned by many bridges, while the Hudson River has only one, but the maze of tunnels that bores through the silt underneath the Hudson River amply takes care of the traffic problem in that section.

We continued our excursion, passing over 20 bridges and under 18 tunnels in all. We soon reached the mouth of the winding Harlem River and saw many barges loaded at the water-line with coal and other merchandise. A tiny cabin on the top of each barge was the permanent home of many families, who, because they were constantly on the move, were unable to send their youngsters to school.

The houses in the Harlem district which we were passing are terribly over-crowded so that three or four families often

live in a single room. In order to relieve this frightful congestion, the Harlem Model Homes Society is building new houses a little further up the river. While going under the Triborough Bridge, so called because it joins the three boroughs, Manhattan, Queens and Bronx, we saw the huge block of buildings that constitute the New York Hospital, one of the greatest in the world.

We were now leaving the busy industrial section behind us and fine apartment houses, colleges and parks were replacing office buildings and slums. The banks too, began to rise in steep ascents on both sides, forming a deep channel and as we turned into the Hudson River, a strong wind sprang up that caused the ship to roll. The banks became too steep for the erection of dwellings so that many empty lots studded the slopes on both sides. We now passed between the New Jersey Palisades and New York's Inwood Hill Park. Then followed the George Washington Bridge and finally the richly appointed, magnificent apartment houses along Riverside drive. As we drew near our journey's end, there hove in sight the majestic "Queen Mary" as she rested proudly alongside the Cunard White Star Line Pier. Many smaller vessels flying German, Italian, French and Scandinavian flags also dotted the waterfront, while here and there a sail boat would dart gracefully over the tantalizing white-caps.

Shortly before we left New York, we were invited to go up to the observatory roof of the Empire State Buildings, the tallest edifice in the world—103 stories, more than 1,000 feet high—where our pictures were taken while we were astride our wheels.

The day of departure finally arrived and we headed towards Boston after a long, wonderful stay in the city we had dreamed of for years.

BOSTON We set out on a highway intended only for express traffic and soon the state highway patrol ordered us off the road and we continued our trip on the Boston Post Road, on which the traffic was so heavy, that we saw cars darting by us even in our sleep and heard the whizzing tyres and squeaking brakes in our dreams.

At Boston we stayed only a short time, but did find time to visit the unique Glass Museum of Harvard University at Cambridge. Here we saw the loveliest and most interesting

display of glass flowers which it is possible to imagine. They are made by a German family whose members have travelled all over the world collecting specimens of every conceivable variety of flowers and plants, and have then created the glass likeness in such natural perfection, even as to colour, that it is almost impossible to tell the glass creation from the real blooms.

We mounted our wheels once again and cycled uninterruptedly through Keene and Rutland and arrived in Burlington where we spent a day at the beautiful Lake Champlain. We had been cycling through pretty, rolling country and had found the people to be very friendly, often hailing us and wishing us good-luck.

From Burlington we rode to Rouses Point and headed towards Montreal, Canada, when a group of young cyclists who also were bound for Montreal invited us to join their party. We eagerly accepted their kind offer and spent some of the most enjoyable hours of our trip with them.

MONTREAL As soon as we rode into Montreal we noticed the peculiar construction of the houses. The stairs, instead of being built on the side of the house or even on the side or in the rear, were placed in the front of the building where they gracefully spiralled from the ground steps to the second storey.

The universal language spoken here is French. Only the sign-boards carry their messages in both French and English.

Soon after we left Montreal behind, we skirted the Lawrence River which at this point formed a large lake on which we saw many sail boats and a number of small boats with their motors covered with tarpaulins. Our attention was drawn to them because they resembled the Mohammedan coffins. Girls in bathing suits waved at us as we passed and some of the youngsters followed us on their wheels for quite a little stretch.

As we turned inland now, the scenery changed perceptibly. The well-kept houses and gardens were soon left behind and instead we were passing farmsteads, barns and open fields. People seemed less friendly, may be because they did not speak English. We put up for the night in a grocery store that served the community also as a restaurant and was equipped with rooms for lodging on the second floor. Here:

too, people spoke only French. It struck us as rather odd that these people, who spoke and thought in French and knew no English, were insistent on and satisfied with the English rule. We also noticed that the anthem "God Save the King" was always played at the conclusion of a motion-picture show.

OTTAWA

On reaching Ottawa we again registered at the Y.M.C.A., and were immediately invited to spend a few days as guests at the 'Y' Camp on Golden Lake. So we spent a few enjoyable days with a group of 100 boys ranging in age from 8 to 18 years. We soon learned to paddle a canoe, swam often in the clear waters of the lake or played table-tennis and paddle tennis. We even tried our hand at archery and golf. The days passed all too quickly but we had to continue and with a final hearty *adieu*, we returned to Canada's capital, where we visited the Parliament Buildings and secured the autograph of Mr. King, the Prime Minister. We found the road very winding, unnecessarily so, we thought. So we inquired of a motirist for the reason and this gentleman blamed the cows for the zigzag construction saying "It was on the old cattle track, that the road has been built."

At Kingston, on the Lawrence River, we took a boat for the Thousand Islands. Some of these islands were very small and owned by individuals, others were so large that farming was carried on much in the same manner as on the mainland. They had peculiar names, one was called the "Whisky Island" because it had been purchased from the Indians for a bottle of whisky.

The rich have built beautiful homes and castles on some of them, others are owned by the Canadian Government and still others by the United States.

TORONTO

A few miles outside of Toronto we escaped death by only a few inches. On a hill, a Canadian motorist overtook us and after passing us, turned around to take another look. A swiftly approaching machine grazed the Canadian's car and the drive lost control. The steel ball came hurtling right at us, missed us narrowly, skidded in a circle and then, turning a complete somersault, catapulted off the road, hitting a telegraph pole and finally

coming to rest on all fours. Luckily the occupants escaped with minor injuries and when the man shouted after us contemptuously "Touring on Bicycles," we resumed our journey.

Toronto reminded us a lot of London. The police wore the same kind of helmets as the English Bobby, the streets were named instead of being numbered, the large firms had the word "Limited" affixed to the name of the Company, and in the streets we even saw a number of Morris and Austin cars.

NIAGARA FALLS CITY

Niagara Falls City was our next stop and immediately upon our arrival we set out for the Falls. The Park Administration made it possible for us to go to the Table Rock House in rain-coats and rubber boots and had us lowered by an elevator to the foot of the gorge. Following narrow lanes, we came to the face of the walls and through pot-holes in the wall, we saw the water falling down. So great was the gush of water and so thick the spray that our vision was limited to a few feet and whenever the wind blew the waters towards us we had to step backwards, because the drops hit our faces like small stones. The din too was deafening and rainbows were formed everywhere. The very earth trembled under the impact of the thundering Falls. In the "Maid of the Mist" we were taken as close to the cataract as the pounding engines permitted, then the stern was put about.

At night, the Falls were illuminated by millions of electric light bulbs. Every few minutes the colours varied presenting a more beautiful and fascinating panorama, with each successive prismatic change. The American Falls by night looked far more beautiful than the Canadian Horse Shoe Falls, on account of the heavy spray that dimmed the lighting effect.

The next morning we cycled to the Glens and took a ride across the whirlpool in a Spanish Aerial Car. Loud shouting from an excited crowd attracted our attention and we too, hurried to the spot, only to learn that a woman had committed suicide by jumping down from the high perpendicular wall. Her body disappeared completely and was not expected to be washed ashore for at least a week. The weekly average at this point is said to be about twelve suicide cases.

Crossing over to the other side of the Falls, we bade good-bye to Canada and re-entered the United States.

After spending several delightful hours in the Goat's Island Park, we descended to the foot of the Falls, got ourselves completely drenched and came away thoroughly refreshed.

BUFFALO Once more we hopped into the saddle and rode to Buffalo. We were surprised at the immense size of the City Hall and later on came to know that it was the largest building in Buffalo.

Dotted all along the Lake Erie's coast were numerous industrial towns and we stopped at a few to see some of the American Industries. Of course, a bicycle factory was among these.

DETROIT We rode into Detroit at the height of the lunch hour and the dense throng of workmen that emerged from the huge plants reminded us of Bombay and its horde of textile workers. Every sign-board advertised some product related to the automobile trade.

An opportunity to visit the Ford Plant was extended to us, and we accepted the invitation with thanks. A special guide called for us and drove us in a new Lincoln-Zephyr to Rotunda Building near the plant, which serves as a meeting place for visitors. It is built like an amphitheatre and is used as a show-room. The walls are covered with murals depicting the plant and its machinery, and by now with the historical sayings of Mr. Henry Ford. A huge globe in the centre of the building shows the activities of the enormous Ford Motor Company throughout the world. Outside of and around the building are built the manifold types of roads peculiar to the different countries, and we picked out a section that was said to be a replica of an Indian road, from Calcutta to the Khyber Pass.

The plants themselves are so gigantic that a more or less thorough tour through all the buildings requires many days, but since we were accorded the privilege of special guests, we were driven in a Ford Car right through the factories ; and from the windows of the sleek car we observed hundreds of workmen fashion the endless assortment of parts and accessories, that were so deftly and expertly tooled and assembled into thousands of shiny, new images of our streamlined conveyance. In no other plant in any of the countries we visited

were we able actually to drive into and around the buildings in an automobile.

Of exceptional interest to us were the immense steel mills. Here we stopped and were given an opportunity to see the iron ore being poured into the fiery ovens, to watch it slowly collapse until it seethed, a white hot molten mass, that now was poured into moulds, to be reheated once again and then emerge at the far end of the rollers in square bars or glowing sheets, according to the wishes of the white-haired creator, whose genius has made possible such mass production for the masses. The entire procedure was executed with such effortless precision that it appeared to the onlookers to be a simple, easy task, to forge these tons and tons of flowing steel into desired shapes, much as though the sculptor were kneading clay in his strong nimble hands.

From the plant we were driven to the Greenfield Village where we visited the Ford Museum, which is very interesting. The laboratory and the personal belongings of Mr. Edison also attracted our attention and we were touched deeply when we were informed that Mr. Ford had even gone to the extent of bringing the very soil from Mr. Edison's home in New Jersey, to this place which thus serves as a shrine.

JACKSON This concluded our visit to the Ford Plant, and soon thereafter we left Detroit, stopping for a little while at Ann Arbor, the home of the Michigan University. It happened to be vacation time, however, and since this made it impossible for us to hold any lectures we soon proceeded to Jackson where we visited one of the largest State Prisons in this country. There were 5,000 prisoners on the list the day we were there, and we were surprised not to see them in chains or confined in cells. The inmates were moving about freely and had it not been for the bars in the windows, one would have mistaken the place for a factory.

Each cell was clean and airy, contained a bed, a wash basin with hot and cold running water, toilet, drawers, a table and a chair and on many tables could be seen the framed picture of a wife or sweetheart. The men were garbed in blue working over-alls and we saw many of them playing all sorts of games such as tennis, horse shoe, soft ball, golf, baseball, etc. There were no visible guards, prisoners were

permitted to talk freely, and a fine theatre with velvety seats and an electric organ rounded out, what to us seemed a model plant. Visitors were permitted to talk unmolested by eaves-dropping attendants and we felt that many people outside would be envious of the treatment given to these criminals (who were incarcerated to satisfy a wronged society) in such humanely considerate confinement.

Once back in the free air, we were treated to a beautiful sight when shown the Cascades that were built by Mr. Spartan, manufacturer of the Spartan Motor Horns. We viewed them at night, and the effective lighting scheme that illuminated the silvery little Falls, as they leaped from level to level, caused many of the several hundred visitors to exclaim in delighted *Ahs* and *Oh's*.

BATTLE CREEKS Here we went through the huge Postum and Kellogg's plants where we saw them make our favourite breakfast cereals. Intricate machinery working with the nimbleness of human fingers but unable to err, forcibly brought to our attention the advantages of machinery over manual efforts. With lightning speed boxes were filled, closed, sealed and stacked for delivery and the contents delivered in all their freshness and crispness.

KALAMAZOO Here we visited the Parchment Mills. The pulp used for the manufacture of paper is brought from Canada and Scandinavia. It looks like soft cardboard and comes in sheets tightly pressed. It is thrown into huge vats where it is beaten and separated and then like cornmeal is tossed over numerous rollers and is rolled until all the water has evaporated. Then sharp knives cut the sheets into desired sizes which are rewound in smaller rolls. Paper that is to be used for wrapping purposes is then given a wax bath. The consumption of paper in this country is enormous, an average individual using 225 lbs of paper a year. The paper consumption rates third in this country and is exceeded only by that of water and milk.

CHICAGO Labour Day found us cycling toward Chicago and we happened to get caught in a parade, experiencing real difficulty in dodging past the banners of Fire-Fighters' Union, Railway Union, Barber Union,

Waitresses' and Bar Tenders' Union, Shoe and Leather Workers' Union, Garment Factory Union and a host of others too numerous to recall. We eventually escaped to get trapped in the general Labour Day traffic, which made us feel as though we were crossing a battlefield with bullets whistling past our ears. The screeching brakes and the swerving cars made us feel like soldiers watching their comrades fall wounded. Every moment, we thought, would be our last, then would follow a short interval of some quiet. Suddenly another avalanche of cars would descend upon us, as if some one was shooting at us with a machine gun.

Twice we stood at death's door. The first time when a driver passed us and looked back for another peep, thus swerving too far over on to the wrong side. A car following from behind at great speed, swerved aside to avoid a crash, headed for the ditch, avoided the drop by inches, saved himself from possible serious accident and in the twinkling of an eye, continued on his mad dash. A few yards further, a man stopped short alongside of us to ask us some questions, but he did it so suddenly that the man driving an old model right behind him was unable to bring his antique to a stop. So in order to avoid a collision, he swerved aside and headed right for us so that we were forced to jump into the ditch, bikes and all. That was too close, so we took some side streets from there on and entered Chicago over bumpy roads that jarred us thoroughly, and that gave us a wrong impression of Chicago. But from the 14th street onwards things began to look more cheerful. The towering skyscrapers came into view, streets widened out, cycling became smoother, iron scraps, broken bottles, paper and dirt became less noticeable and as we rode into the wide boulevards that skirt the lake-front, and saw the magnificent homes and the stately hotels, our grumbling changed to expressions of delight.

We spent many enjoyable days in this big city and as usual visited many factories and places of interest. Our first call was at the Underwriters' Laboratories, where we saw the inspectors thoroughly examining and carefully scrutinizing every minute detail before placing the O. K. on electric appliances, fire-proof doors and windows, safes, fire extinguishers and many other devices.

We had been told that the Chicago Stock Yards were the largest in the world and therefore wanted to see them. We

saw cattle, horses, pigs and sheep occupying enclosures that extended for miles. By courtesy of the Swift Company we were shown through the plants and at our first stop we watched them slaughter pigs. Their legs tied together and hanging from hooks, they are pierced in the neck by a small, sharp knife and a wound of about six inches is made. The blood gushes out, the pig wriggles and becomes still. With sharp razors the hair is then shaved off and the pig loses its black colour and becomes white. After the intestines, kidneys and heart are removed, some parts of the body are cut off and sent elsewhere to be smoked over a hickory wood fire. Then the meat is cured by a special process and is ready for the grocer.

Sheep are slaughtered in a different manner. They are pierced behind the ear by a short, quick jab that instantly kills them. They are then skinned and the wool is removed.

The cattle are killed with a knife after they have first been stunned by a sledge-hammer blow. Government Inspectors are present at all times to O. K. animals and to stamp the various parts.

During our prolonged stay in this country we always found the Caf  terias and Restaurants spotlessly clean, the pots and pans of rustless, shining steel always kept glistening and the food kept in sanitary refrigerators. The quality of the meat and vegetables too, we found to be better than that of any other country. The only thing that spoiled this illusion of exemplary cleanliness was the disgusting habit of the American people of sticking their chewing gum over the tables and chairs in almost every public place.

Up to now we had seen very little cycling activity in this country, so when we were informed that a bicycle pageant was being held at Garefield Park we hurried to the place. The costumes and decorations of the cycles were picturesque and altogether unique and it would have been difficult to find a better show. On the following Sunday we had the good fortune to be invited to join a party in a bicycle train. The trip proved very enjoyable and at the same time we heard about some of the interesting activities of the Chicago Cycling Club.

Michigan Avenue at night is a sight that should entrance any visitor. Although not illuminated quite as brilliantly, perhaps, as the Broadway of New York, it nevertheless has a

peculiar charm all its own and emphasizes in bold relief the stately skyscrapers on the one side and the beautiful parks and the turbulent lake on the other side.

While walking down this mighty boulevard we were trying to visualize the enormous buying power of the American Nickle and Dime, for these insignificant little coins were responsible for the huge Wrigley Building and the gigantic Palm Olive Soap Empire.

Nor could we take our eyes off the brilliantly illuminated bill-boards that so proudly flash their messages to the world. Vainly we tried to estimate the construction cost of one of those monsters, while we calculated the electric power needed to light them must equal the cost of maintaining a rich man's palace. The American slogan "It pays to Advertise" must certainly be founded on experience and knowledge.

The Department Stores offered for sale beautiful rugs and carpets from Iran and Turkey, and ivory articles and rich silk goods and similar merchandise from India and China. In the show windows were displayed furs so costly that spiral-steel-mesh screens were drawn over the windows at night as precaution against theft. A stranger cannot help but be impressed by the fabulous wealth that is ostentatiously displayed wherever he goes in this great country.

SPRINGFIELD We left Chicago on a very cold day, and the wind against which we had to ride all the way to Bloomington, was so strong that our mileage was cut to 7 or 8 an hour. At Bloomington a heavy downpour kept us at the hotel and we stayed indoors until early next morning, by which time the rain had ceased and the wind abated. We therefore had little trouble reaching Springfield where our first stop was the home of a Jimmy Myer, whom we had met a year and a half ago on the boat to Panama. He seemed as happy to see us as we were to see him and not only gave us a fine time but also got busy among his friends and arranged lectures for us.

In fact, we found that all the people of Lincoln Home City knew how to befriend a stranger and, like that great man, help the deserving. When we were not lecturing, our friends took us to see the Homestead and the Tomb of Abraham Lincoln and then to Old Salem, where we saw the homes and stores that once were part of a lively town ; but now that the

people have moved away, no one remains in the place except the State Guards who zealously watch over this sacred spot, for it was here that Lincoln once lived and worked ; and here, too, it was that he met his first sweetheart whose early death almost caused him to lose his mind.

Our very pleasant stay in Springfield came to an end all too quickly and it wasn't easy to say good-bye to a swell crowd of friends that had assembled in front of the Y.M.C.A.

We had chosen a bad day to cycle, for the wind was blowing so hard against us that an hour's hard ride found us only 5 miles out of the city limits. But our friend Jimmy once more came to the rescue by driving his car slowly ahead of us enabling us to pace him while using his car as a wind break. In this manner we reached Litchfield where we found a dilapidated cabin which we used to snatch a few hours of sleep.

We continued very early next morning, in the hope that the wind must have died down, but although this was the case we nevertheless had jumped from the frying pan into the fire, for the never ending chain of trucks that seemingly covered every inch of highway all but missed our bodies beneath their heavy loads. It was still several hours before day-break and we cycled in constant terror of the traffic. When the early light finally did begin to filter through, we notice the entire sky overcast with heavy black clouds that threatened momentarily to drench us. Signs reading "Pavement slippery when wet" did not help to ease our minds.

But as we neared the St. Louis city limits we were fighting a wind so strong, that it was impossible to remain on the wheel, to say nothing of cycling onward. As we climbed the long ramp of the high McKinley bridge, we had no protection against the howling wind and all three of us were blown off our wheels and had to catch the rails to prevent ourselves from being carried over the parapet. For the first time our courage nearly failed us when we noticed the length of the bridge and we were almost ready to postpone the crossing, but we had never yet turned back and so decided to try it. How we escaped a watery grave in the mighty Mississippi, is beyond us, but He who looked after us on so many occasions, helped us here too, and we were able to reach the other side, worn out, but safe.

At the sight of a very angry man running towards us our cars were kindled anew for we now recalled having read a

sign "No Pedestrians Allowed." We were relieved when he did not insist that we should recross the bridge and in order to appease him we offered to pay the toll as though we were motorists. But the man was still angry and blustered disgustedly "People like you should stay at home," little realizing that a trek home for us would necessitate a hike of a mere 38,000 miles.

Uprooted trees, toppled telephone poles and splintered sign boards that were strewn over the streets and fields told us the story of the storm's fury far better than words could have described it.

ST. LOUIS Thus our first welcome in St. Louis was indeed dreary and harsh enough to damp our spirits, but it wasn't long before we had registered at the Downtown Y.M.C.A. and from that moment Dame Fortune smiled on us, for St. Louis soon proved itself a haven for us in more ways than one.

Soon after our arrival we were introduced to some members of the St. Louis Cycling Club and through them were introduced to the Club at its regular meeting. The St. Louis Cycling Club celebrated its 51st birthday in March, 1938 and is the oldest active Cycling Club in the United States. Their clever slogan "Headquarters in the Saddle" which is already famous in many parts of the world, almost tempted us to adopt it as the title of our book.

Cycling is a very popular sport in St. Louis, many adults as well as children riding their wheels daily, and on fine days the parks are filled with them. We noticed that all club members as well as the many other St. Louis cyclists ride light-weight wheels, preferring them to the heavy, accessory laden American-made bikes, and we soon learned that they really know how to ride them. We accompanied several of them on rides around the city and suburbs and they demonstrated to our entire satisfaction that they were able not only to ride at a fast pace but also that they were able to maintain that pace.

The first two or three weeks passed away quickly, for we were kept busy giving lectures in private schools, clubs, the Y.M.C.A.s, Y.M.H.A., the Stamp club, Radio stations, Masonic Halls and in several other places.

Truly the ways of the people had changed since we left Chicago. Instead of finding everybody in a great rush to get

nowhere in particular, the people in the mid-west are more sympathetic, willing to help, easy to talk to and seemingly happy to be friends. Through their courtesy we were able to visit many institutions such as the Jefferson Memorial which houses the Lindberg Trophies, the Zoo, the Art Museum, the Water Works, the Robert Gaylord Box Factory, the famous Anheuser-Busch Brewery, the International Shoe Company, etc., and it was also due to the kindness of our friends that we found it possible to have our experiences properly recorded and presented in a book form, so that the birthplace of this (we hope acceptable) little volume is the City of St. Louis.

We have now been on our way five years and eight months, have covered approximately 38,000 miles through 37 countries and are just past the half-way mark. Our homeward journey from St. Louis will include the United States to Los Angeles and San Francisco, then the crossing of the ocean, Japan, China, Australia, Singapore, Burma, India and the final ride back home to Bombay in the latter part of 1943. We hope to publish a second volume, describing our last five years of cycling, upon our arrival at Bombay.

And now we bid you all *adieu* for the present. We hope that our somewhat rambling account has given you a few hours of worth-while enjoyment, that it may prove responsible for an occasional urge to leave your deeply upholstered divan for a healthy, invigorating spin in the saddle and that it may cause you to revise your preconceived notion concerning our distant country, in favour of a more charitable, truer regard for the culture, civilization, architecture and good-will of our beloved India.

THANKS

Without taking much of the valuable time of our readers, we beg permission to express our sincere sense of appreciation and thanks to the following people and associations who with their efforts and kindness have made our tour so very successful.

1. Those individuals who placed their homes and shared their meals with us in the different countries and places we visited.
2. The Late King of Afghanistan—Amir Nadir Shah—who by his Firman (Royal Order) made us the guests of the Afghan Officials throughout our entire trip through Afghanistan.
3. The then Turkish Minister of Education, Hikmat Beg, who made us the guests of Boarding Schools and Colleges in the whole of Turkey.
4. The different Mayors of various cities, who by their letters of introduction made places accessible for us to visit, which otherwise would have been beyond our limited means to see and study.
5. The Industrial Plants both in Europe and in the United States for giving us special guides and facilities in going through their works.
6. The various Youth Hostels, Wanderers' Homes, and Educational Student Centres in Central Europe, specially Germany, where we were given special facilities and consideration.
7. The Agents (Messrs. Bhandari and Mistry) of the Enfield Cycle in Bombay, for presenting us with our wheels free of charge, and the Enfield Manufacturers for building three special wheels at their works in Redditch, England, and also paying a part of our expenses from Bombay to London.
8. The Dunlop Rubber Company, for furnishing us at different times and in different places with our requirements of tyres and tubes free of charge.
9. Lord Wakefield of Hythe for his kind and munificent donation.
10. The Parsee Association of Europe, London, for making us their guests during our six weeks stay in London, and helping us out with a generous purse.

11. The India Office in London for the recommendations to the Governments of different countries we were to visit, to grant us all facilities and a safe passage.
12. The Automobile Association, London, for making us honorary members and furnishing us with maps and road information about Africa.
13. The Indian Congress of British East Africa, and the individual Indians who by their co-operation and goodwill made an impossible journey possible, through the beast and tropical fever infested areas ; also to the Indians in South Africa, who by their generous donations helped us to cross the Atlantic and come to America.
14. The Indian Association of Panama and Jamaica for their generous contributions.
15. The heads of Y.M.C.A.s all over the world, and the Y.M.C.A.s of the United States in particular, for the free accommodation afforded and for their extreme kindness and willingness to help us.
16. The various public organizations and the cycling clubs, especially the St. Louis Cycling Club, for the opportunities given us to lecture on our travels.
17. Mr. Louis Knippenberg, of St. Louis, Mo., for generously editing our notes and giving us practically the whole of his valuable time without asking anything in return. Thanks indeed.
18. And the American Public in general who by their generosity and encouragement helped to make our tour very enjoyable.

THE END.

